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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

IT is clear now that the French Government are making ready to recognise General Franco, and the British Government is not likely to lag behind. The Downing Street view has for some time past been that the sooner we shook hands with the Spanish victor, the better the chance of preventing the fruits of victory going to Mussolini and Hitler. Any delay by haggling over conditions with Franco was to be deprecated. M. Bérard, nevertheless, has been doing his best to negotiate conditions—including an amnesty, or at any rate a greater measure of clemency than Franco's notorious "Black List" foreboded, and more definite guarantees of the independence of the new regime in Spain. But his efforts appear to have been in vain. Franco has hardened his heart, if indeed it was ever soft, and has disappointed the hopes (never perhaps very well founded) of those who thought that a surrender of the remnant of Republican Spain could be arranged on terms which would not involve a cruel vengeance. The confidence of those who believe that, whatever Franco's Government may do to Spaniards, it will be the friend of France and Britain, and not of Italy and Germany, is still to be put to the test. There is no sign of the Duce being prepared to take his fingers out of the Spanish pie at whose cooking he has worked so long and so hard.

Spanish Refugees in France

While Franco celebrates his triumph as the "redeemer" of Catalonia, a vast multitude of the redeemed are suffering indescribable miseries in their asylum across the Pyrenees. There can be nothing but admiration for the humanity of the French in opening the frontier to the refugees. But generous feelings alone could not solve the stupendous problem of feeding, sheltering and disposing of these masses, and the inadequacy of the organisation and funds has resulted in a pitiable state of confusion, destitution and despair in the hastily constructed camps. The local authorities and many individuals have done their best, but the task is clearly beyond them. More effective measures by the State, as well as financial aid on a larger scale not merely from the French but from others, are urgently needed. Nearly 50,000 of the refugees have been repatriated; the 350,000 who remain are costing France 3½ million francs per day. Meanwhile we read with astonishment in the columns of British newspapers the suggestion that these victims have in the main only themselves to blame for running away from their homes—or if not themselves, then maniac Anarchists or the "Chekas," for it was these, we are asked to believe, and not the invaders' bombs and machine guns, that emptied villages and towns and made shambles of the roads in Catalonia. No one who is not blinded by partisanship could believe all this, in face of the abundant evidence

as to what really happened in the last days of Franco's advance. But it will be deplorable if such misrepresentation is allowed to weaken sympathy for these unfortunates and prevent their getting the help they are crying for.

The Debate on Defence

Whatever may be said of the two days' parliamentary debate on the Defence White Paper and next year's projected expenditure of £580 millions on security, none of the speeches can be described as "forward-looking." The Prime Minister congratulated himself on the fact that rearmament no longer appeared to arouse "strong feelings of controversy," and expressed the hope that all parties were recognising that the League's idea "that peace can be imposed by force" must finally be abandoned. How peace which cannot be imposed by collective force exercised in the name of international law can be preserved by immense accumulations of armaments in the hands of individual Powers he did not explain. Nor did he give any clue to the Government's positive foreign policy, if indeed it has one. Our armaments were intended exclusively for defence; we should welcome their reduction if other countries followed suit; but as to the steps which he proposed to take to establish the "atmosphere of good will and confidence" which must precede any conference for arms limitation, Mr. Chamberlain had nothing to say. Mr. Attlee and others argued forcibly that the present dangerous international tension, reflected in an armament race for which history has no parallel, is in itself an indictment of the Government's whole foreign policy since 1931. The debate, however, would have been more constructive if greater attention had been paid to the need for practical proposals, initiated by Britain, for arresting the drift to war.

A Temporary Agreement

The admission by Mr. Butler that Italian troops in Libya have once again been brought up to the strength at which they stood before the Anglo-Italian agreement seems to have perturbed everyone except the British Government. Mr. Butler could not deny that by this action Mussolini had withdrawn one of the few concessions gained by this country under the agreement. He accepted blandly the excuse that it was a defensive measure forced upon the Duce by French troop movements in Tunis. The agreement, he added, was a statement of intentions which had been carried out. There was no question of perpetuity in their execution. In this view the Anglo-Italian agreement would set a remarkable precedent, binding its signatories not to any permanent conditions but to momentary acts of friendship. Such an interpretation of treaty obligations is no doubt highly convenient both to the "dynamic" Powers and to those who, following Mr. Chamberlain's advice last Tuesday, wish to avoid noticing that the Fascists' word is not always reliable.

The Palestine Deadlock

Nothing hopeful has yet emerged from the Palestine Conferences. The publication of the White Paper containing the McMahon-Hussein correspondence has been delayed, owing to difficulties in agreeing on a translation. But this is a relatively small matter. More serious is the deadlock between Arab and Jewish claims. The Jewish delegates have again declared their readiness to negotiate a settlement with the Arabs, but they will not surrender their "essential rights under the Mandate" or accept a minority status in Palestine, and they still insist that immigration shall be regulated by the principle of the "economic absorptive capacity" of the country. The Arabs for their part show no signs of weakening in their opposition on these points. It is pretty clear now that the Government must produce a solution of their own. They are determined, we understand, to maintain the Mandate. Beyond that no one knows what they have in mind. It will be a miracle if a plan can be found which will satisfy Jews and Arabs in their present temper. That substantial concessions will have to be made to the Arabs is hardly questioned. Arab nationalism has become a formidable movement—and not in Palestine alone. The French have serious trouble on hand in Syria, as a result of their decision to postpone the ratification of the Franco-Syrian treaty of 1936 which was to give the country the independence it has been clamouring for.

Belgium Gets a Cabinet

Belgium has at last found a new Government, but it is merely a stop-gap administration, resting on very insecure parliamentary foundations. The Liberals having refused to co-operate unless Dr. Maertens is dismissed, and the predominantly Flemish parties being unprepared to agree to this, M. Pierlot has had to give nearly half his portfolios to extra-parliamentary experts, and the rest to a somewhat unrepresentative selection of Catholic and Socialist Ministers. An orthodox financier has been put at the Ministry of Finance, and a moderate Socialist at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Ministry of Education is to be divided for the first time into Flemish and Walloon sections; and on the question of Dr. Maertens the Cabinet proposes to observe a discreet silence. The new Ministry will be unable to embark on any important new policies, and will presumably content itself with leaving matters as nearly as possible where they are. Its hopes of remaining in office depend on three things—the inability of the parliamentary parties to agree, the fear that a series of parliamentary crises may give a powerful stimulus to Belgian Fascism, and the reluctance of the politicians to let the King play an active part in politics, as he has threatened to do unless the parties can come to an agreement. Were it not for this fear and this reluctance, the Pierlot Ministry would not last a week.

Trade Ministers on Tour

The Cabinet has evidently decided that the value of personal contacts must be tested in commercial, no less than political, diplomacy. Mr. Oliver Stanley and Mr. Hudson will visit Berlin on March 15th, in company with the F.B.I. delegation, to explore the possibilities of an Anglo-German trade agreement; and Mr. Hudson also plans to extend his tour to Warsaw, Stockholm and Moscow. The purpose of the visit to Moscow will be to discuss the working of the 1934 Commercial Agreement between Britain and the U.S.S.R. The view taken in Whitehall is that an undue proportion of the sterling which accrues from exports to this country is used by the U.S.S.R. in purchases of re-exports (mainly of colonial produce) from the British market, and that British shipping should enjoy a greater share than at present of Anglo-Russian carrying trade. The Russian reply will doubtless be that

a larger volume of British manufactures would be bought by the U.S.S.R. if prior claims of rearmament did not delay deliveries. Agreement in Moscow should not be hard to reach; the omens in Berlin are less hopeful. Even if Germany is willing to give assurances with regard to export price-cutting and to discuss an apportionment of neutral markets on familiar international cartel lines, the difficulty remains that British industry for the most part is not organised on this basis. It will be ironical if libertarian countries have to remodel their economic structure on totalitarian lines in order to cope with the dictatorships' competition in export markets.

Totalitarian Education

The Fascist Grand Council has just issued an "Educational Charter" designed to systematise the complete process of bringing up children as docile subjects of the totalitarian State. School attendance is compulsory up to fourteen; and children during this period must also be attached to the G.I.L.—the Fascist Organisation for the Training of Youth in Italy. From 14 to 21 the boy or girl, whether remaining at school or not, continues to receive compulsory indoctrination from the G.I.L., at any rate until he or she proceeds to a university, and becomes a compulsory member of the G.U.F.—the Fascist University Groups. In all schools—elementary, secondary and high schools are the three grades—there is to be manual training, and all pupils are to serve periods of labour in workshops or other industrial enterprises. The underlying principles are said to be the affirmation that all citizens are to regard labour as a social duty and the narrowing of the distance between social classes. All stages of education are to be open to the children of poor as well as rich families, in accordance with ability; and the privileges of the wealthy in the educational sphere are to be abolished. Thus the Fascist educational scheme links together a considerable narrowing of class differences and a complete indoctrination of all pupils from the earliest age with Fascist notions, under the direct control of the Fascist Party, which is given the final authority over the school curriculum.

Steel Shelters Exploded

This week has brought fresh confirmation of our doubts of the suitability of the Government's steel shelters for the densely populated areas where A.R.P. is most urgently needed. Answering criticism in a letter to the *Times*, Mr. A. M. Rouse, the Chief Technical Adviser to the A.R.P. Department of the Home Office, stated that the shelters would be situated in gardens, where they will be surrounded by soft earth. This idyllic picture can have been of small comfort to the Salford deputation which visited the Home Office last Monday and pointed out that, although out of 52,000 houses in the Borough 30,000 were eligible for the free distribution, only 4,000 had yards big enough to contain the shelters. As for soft earth, even fewer of the inhabitants enjoyed gardens enriched by such a luxury. Since few working class houses are equipped with deep basements, it looks as though Mr. Rouse and the Salford Council have between them finally disposed of the illusion that Sir John Anderson's immediate policy is much preferable to the gasproof rooms of his predecessors. Meanwhile in the House of Lords debate Lord Teynham announced that private enterprise was willing to undertake a £75,000,000 scheme, provided that the Government would give a guarantee of 4 per cent. per annum. It should be noted, however, that the scheme which he sponsors is for one-story garages and, though more remunerative in peace time, is about twice as expensive as the Finsbury plan.

The Docks in Wartime

The "Dockers' Battalion," a body of industrial workers recruited in Liverpool and operating under military discipline, gave rise to a great deal of trouble during the Great War, the Trade Unions taking strong objection to it as a step towards "industrial conscription." Mindful of the friction over this issue, the Government is now trying to enlist the help of the Transport and General Workers' Union, as well as of the port employers, in drawing up a scheme for ensuring the mobility of dock labour under war conditions. War would involve a large-scale diversion of shipping from ports on the East Coast to ports on the West; and this would require a corresponding transference of skilled waterside labour. The T. and G.W.U., at a conference of its waterside branches this week, agreed to co-operate with the Government and the port employers in preparing and working a scheme of transference, on the understanding that work at the docks would be reserved for regular port workers, and that no attempt would be made to impose any sort of military discipline. Details have still to be worked out by the National Joint Council for Port Labour; but the scheme has been approved in principle by the employers and the Government. It will presumably include provision not only for special pay and allowances for men working temporarily away from home, but also for emergency housing and port equipment to deal with the tonnage transferred to the less vulnerable ports of the West Coast.

Building Society Law

The Borders case has had a swift sequel in Parliament Sir John Simon announced on Tuesday that the Government had formed the opinion that building society law required revision, and that a Bill would shortly be introduced for this purpose. Presumably the Government's main intention is to place beyond dispute the legality (contested by Mrs. Borders) of loans in excess of the normal 75 per cent. granted by societies on the security, in part, of builders' collateral. If Mr. Justice Bennett's finding that these "excess advances" are not *ultra vires* were to be reversed on appeal, a chaotic situation would arise, for the validity of mortgages involving several hundred million pounds would be jeopardised. Clarifying legislation is therefore desirable. But if the Building Societies Act of 1894 is to be revised, revision should not be confined to this one point. Even if the Government decline to adopt Miss Wilkinson's proposal that societies should be responsible, in effect, for "implied warranties" that mortgaged houses are soundly built, there is a strong case for legislation to limit the ratio of "excess" to total advances, to ensure that builders' collateral is adequately liquid, and to provide that cash and quickly realisable assets represent at least 10 per cent. of deposits.

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PASSING THE BUCK

WHEN Sir John Simon bade Parliament last Monday not to fear the reproaches of posterity if the bulk of the coming year's rearmament programme were financed by loan, a sigh of relief from every Bench was audible; and, when the Chancellor indicated that 1939–40 Defence borrowing would be in the neighbourhood of £350 millions, Lobby journalists rushed to telephone to their editors the glad tidings, based on a simple sum in arithmetic, that the next Budget would involve no appreciable additions to the load of taxation. On a day darkened by President Roosevelt's lugubrious week-end warning that European omens were evil, this news, in Fleet Street and City terms, was heartening. The massive figures of prospective expenditure contained in the previous week's White Paper on Defence had led to gloomy forebodings. Fears had been prevalent that the present adult generations might be required, not merely to live and work under the shadow of indeterminate crisis, but also to pay by self-denial for most of the preparations deemed necessary in order to pass on national security unimpaired to posterity. These apprehensions have been allayed; the Chancellor has decided to temper the immediate wind. To the contemporary occupants of perambulators he has said: "You are the civilisation we may be asked to fight for. *A vous, mes enfants, l'addition!*"

The Defence White Paper revealed starkly the magnitude of the expenditure to which Britain, in the international Bedlam rearmament race, is committed. In 1937–38, Defence outgoings—including A.R.P. Votes—amounted to £265 millions. In this fiscal year the total figure, embracing £18 millions for A.R.P. and storage, will be £406 millions. In 1939–40 the aggregate Votes for active and passive Defence combined will be £580 millions. Allowing for supplementary Estimates, not provided for in the current Budget but required to meet last September's crisis and consequential acceleration of rearmament, £197 millions will have been borrowed by the end of March, out of £400 millions sanctioned hitherto by Parliament. The unborrowed balance of £203 millions is now to be augmented by a further £400 millions of authorised borrowing powers; and of the £603 millions thus at Sir John Simon's call no less than £350 millions are to be mobilised in aid of the 1939–40 Budget, leaving only £250 millions of unused borrowing powers in hand for the two last years of the rearmament programme.

Given this anticipatory disclosure, the broad lines of the Budget can be sketched in advance without risk of gross inaccuracy. To the £580 millions required for Defence there must be added, in round figures, £240 millions for Debt interest and other Consolidated Fund items, plus something like £450 millions for the Civil and Revenue Departments—a figure capable of modification within a £10 million limit according to the Treasury estimate of unemployment and the cost of possible new subsidies to agriculture and other clamant industries. Add together these rough approximations and the total is £1,270 millions. Against this expenditure, the current year's estimate of revenue is £945 millions. That figure is unlikely to be attained; if the Treasury secures £940 millions in 1938–39, it will do well—and it may fare worse. Next year, on the basis of existing taxation and having regard to the appreciable recession in industrial profits, a yield of £910–£915 millions is the most on which prudence should rely. Subtract revenue from expenditure. The deficit to be bridged by borrowing is either £355 millions or £360 millions, unless the Treasury takes an extremely pessimistic view of 1938 incomes. That is to say, if £350 millions are borrowed, the sum which need be raised by fresh taxes is relatively small; and, if Sir John Simon takes an optimistic view of prospective tax yields, it may be negligible.

That the Cabinet should have arrived at this "expansionist" attitude towards Defence finance is an entry—as unexpected as it is welcome—to their credit in the national books. Technically, as is shown in our City columns, there will be no difficulty in arranging for £350 millions to be placed at the Treasury's disposal in the coming fiscal year. Nor will there be any immediate risk of an undesirable degree of resulting price inflation in a community which has large reserves of idle money and a reservoir of two million unemployed workers whose services may be engaged before any question of labour shortage can arise. The one important contribution which the totalitarian States have made to economic theory is their practical demonstration of the fact that in capitalist regimes there exists habitually a huge, sluggish pool of unused productivity which can be stirred by State borrowing, and whose output can offset any tendency for prices to be inflated by governmental loan finance.

In the present situation of Britain's economy, with investment values severely deflated, capital investment hanging fire, and consumption demand barely holding ground, a deflationary addition to the burden of taxation would be a suicidal policy. If the Budget for 1940–41 is not to be unmanageable, the present subdued level of industrial activity must be raised; and that objective cannot be attained if purchasing power, enhanced by governmental armament "pump-priming," is curtailed proportionately by the exactions of the Fisc. In favour of a draconian Budget the argument is adduced that, if rearmament is to be painless, the tax-paying public will not realise that guns cost more than commercial butter. That argument is scarcely convincing; with income tax at 5*s.* 6*d.*, and taxes on consumption goods at an onerous level, no citizen can fail to realise already that he is paying dearly for his seat in the arena of European competitive armament. The practical test of fiscal policy to-day is whether it conduces to the active economic development which alone can sustain the existing tax demands of a rearming State.

Is value for money being obtained by a Tory Government whose friends are the makers of aircraft and munitions? That is a question which the Opposition will do well to press. No convincing reply was given by the Government in the Defence debate to the charges, made by Mr. A. V. Alexander and others, that munition-makers' profits are inordinate. But so far as the next Budget is concerned, there can be no reasonable criticism of the Government's decision to borrow boldly and not to tax. Mr. Dalton's argument that possibilities of increased revenue from Death Duties are not yet exhausted is an argument for altering the incidence of taxation, not for increasing its total weight. If rearmament, in its peculiar and localised way, is to function even in part as a substitute for the civil public works whose institution the

Left would normally be advocating in the present downward phase of the trade cycle, Defence expenditure must be financed by loan. The " buck," admittedly, is passed to posterity; the five-year rearmament programme now looks like involving £1,000 millions of borrowing, and the growth of governmental indebtedness both here and in the United States raises a problem at which the Prime Minister admitted to feeling grave concern. Indeed, he questioned whether even maintenance charges for expanded Defence forces could be covered by tax revenues after the rearmament programme had been completed. That being so, the problem is one which can be solved only by an ultimate inflation of prices whose consequence must be a greatly depreciated pound and dollar. The weight of fixed monetary charges will undoubtedly have to be lightened at the rentier's expense. That is the heritage which we who are adult and armament-mad are leaving for the present tenants of perambulators. Between to-day and their majority we may enjoy an inflationary price-boom, if we do not suffer a world war. The chances rest on the knees of the gods. If the reproaches of our successors fall on our buried bones, it will not, in justice, be because we have borrowed, but because our statesmanship was such that we drifted into the fatal acceptance of the theory that parity in armaments spells peace.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

S.S. *Queen Mary*.
Feb. 14th, 1939.

INTERMINABLY the argument rolls on: Americans contend that Great Britain should have saved democratic Czechoslovakia and Republican Spain if only to acquire a moral claim on United States help in time of trouble. The few Englishmen who tour our continent reply that it's easy enough for Americans to advise Britain to go to war for the Czechs but " would you have shed your blood for them? " " We did for you in 1917–18," comes the bitter retort. " We won't again."

The Englishman is sure we will. He cannot prove that a firm British policy in the Czech and Spanish issues would have meant war. But he feels that America must fight to prevent a French or British defeat. The American people paid more than usual attention to Prime Minister Chamberlain's recent letter to Mr. Attlee in which he said that British assistance to the Loyalists would extend the area of conflict. An American President might return a similar answer to a suggestion that America enter a European war.

The American public thought it joined the first world war for idealistic reasons. It is cured. If we came in a second time it would be because of the balance of power. Americans dislike the phrase, and how explain it to the farmer in Iowa or the milkman of Kansas? George Washington's admonition to eschew " entangling alliances " has a strange fascination. Woodrow Wilson reinforced it by ignoring it. These considerations may not decide whether we go in; that perhaps is a foregone conclusion. But they will decide when we go in. Next time it might be later than " 1917."

Early this month, ex-President Benes arrived in America to lecture. He was welcomed with great public enthusiasm, and while he spoke as though he still dwelt in the Hradjhin Palace, Mayor la Guardia, of New York, who gave him an official reception in City Hall on the day of his arrival, probably expressed the view of many Americans when he declared quite undiplomatically that Czechoslovakia had been " double-crossed " by " chiselers." La Guardia visits the White House about once a week and is being groomed for the 1940 Presidential election campaign.

We took the collapse of Czechoslovakia very hard, and the conquest of Catalonia has increased the resentment against France and England. It has also revived the war scare. And the moment a war cloud appears our isolationists get busy.

Even in the very highest official circles, a returning American student of European affairs is asked how British and French foreign policy can possibly be explained. " Europe is finished," a Cabinet Minister said to me. " I am interested only in Latin America." With all respect, this sentiment is rather difficult to understand. Our concern in Latin America is to keep out the Fascist aggressors, and two of them are in Europe. It would be wiser to check them before they cross the three thousand miles of supposedly protective ocean. A hemispheroid policy is fantasy. But this is how part of America thinks, and a mistaken idea can be serious reality.

President Roosevelt wants to help France and England and, but for the minority among Catholics who are pro-Franco, he would have helped the Loyalists, too. The President told Mr. Anthony Eden that a Franco victory would be contrary to American interests, yet a vocal and highly organised religious group, operating quite like a political party, frustrated American action in aid of republican Spain. Since such a history could easily repeat itself, Roosevelt, in October, 1937, opened a campaign to teach the American public the desirability of co-operating with foreign anti-aggressor democracies. Being a democrat in his philosophy and conduct, he believes that policy must not run too far ahead of popular education. The President's words carry more weight than those of any living American, and Mrs. Roosevelt, who has a remarkable hold on the nation, can naturally go even farther than her husband in urging sympathy for European democracies. Yet Americans frequently say, " the so-called democracies " and ask whether they are truly anti-aggressor. Experience educates more rapidly than speeches.

We have come close to Europe. The world war, the newspapers and especially the radio did that. We are not insulated. But that makes some Americans more isolationist. The better they know Europe the less they like it. The first war to end wars and to save democracy started that process.

Nevertheless, America is almost unanimously hostile to aggressors. The hatred of the Nazis is universal, and Japan finds few, if any, friends. In the cinemas, Hitler and Mussolini are greeted with hisses, Chamberlain with a whistle for himself and a laugh for the umbrella. We do not want to help totalitarian war-makers. That it is immoral to pay for Japanese, German and Italian bombs by buying their exports, is a compelling argument. The organisation which used to boycott only Japan has now become a Committee to Boycott Aggressors. Former Secretary of State Stimson has sponsored the influential new " American Committee for Non-Participation in Japanese Aggression." Mr. Stimson, who in many ways is the father of Roosevelt's foreign policy, also publicly advocated the lifting of the embargo on arms shipments to Spain. The State Department wants a stop put to the sale of oil and scrap iron to Japan, and it has effectively interfered with the export of aeroplanes to Japan. No law was applied. Pressure on aviation firms sufficed. The State Department is pleased at this performance and only regrets that so far a mere 25,000,000 dollars has been lent to China. Mr. Nelson Johnson, the U.S. Ambassador to China, came home and frankly made propaganda for Chiang Kai-Shek's regime. State Department officials boast that " at last " England is following us in the Far East.

Some scattered 120 per cent. pacifists oppose Roosevelt's defence programme, and men like Senators Nye and Lafollette fear that the President is deliberately leading us into a war. But there is no serious antagonism to the vastly augmented armament budgets presented to Congress by the White House.

Despite the uproar against the unnecessary secrecy which attended it, the country in general approves the sale of military aeroplanes to England and France. But policy-makers in Washington wonder whether this assistance will not strengthen

those democratic statesmen who made one "Munich" and have not yet promised to avoid another. Mr. Eden pleased America even though his speeches sounded like those of a cautious diplomat sent on a goodwill mission. But Mr. Chamberlain is incomprehensible. At a private dinner, a Senator very close to the President asked the speaker why, if the strength of the German air force is alleged to have been the decisive factor in the Czechoslovak surrender, England had not had the foresight to build up her own air fleet.

One's first impression in arriving in America is that the country is vigorously anti-Fascist. The press and radio take hostility to Fascism as an axiom. The President's foreign policy has widespread newspaper support. But the same newspapers which praise his stand against German pogroms or Japan or aeroplanes attack him violently on domestic issues. Indeed, the President has a weak press. The Administration has not even one newspaper in New York. The New Deal made Washington the capital of the United States and now Wall Street comes to the Potomac instead of *vice versa*, but New York is still important.

As 1940 approaches, the powerful elements opposed to the present Administration are mobilising. Whether or not Roosevelt runs again—the British would say "stand" again—the next election will be fought on the question, "For or Against Franklin D. Roosevelt." The conservative anti-New Dealers are preparing diligently. Right-wing Democrats flirt with Right-wing Republicans. They have also voted together in Congress against the President. This hostility on home affairs carries over into foreign policy, and the President's line in international problems often meets resistance simply because it is he who has taken it. His enemies wish to store up capital for use against him in 1940.

The President's natural allies are the farmers and workingmen. But low prices leave the farmers in an ugly mood (surplus agricultural products plague the Government), while the Trade Unions are angrily divided between C.I.O. and A.F. of L. Roosevelt has assigned to Harry Hopkins, the new Secretary of Commerce, the difficult task of making peace between the two Labour wings. If Hopkins succeeds, his stock as Presidential candidate will rise high. He is the most radical Member in the Cabinet.

The commercial community complains of lack of business. It is novel to find the congenitally optimistic American believing that the situation is not likely to become better and that at best it will become no worse. Basic industries lag far behind. Without heavy Government spending matters would grow even more critical. The New Deal is a system of Government aid to individuals and private capitalism involving a minimum of interference with personal liberty. The United States has made more progress in social legislation and done more progressive social thinking during Roosevelt's six years than in the sixty preceding his era. But the inevitable New Deal failures drive one group after another into the enemy camp, and a sequence of brave Roosevelt appointments of liberals and critics of orthodox capitalism to high official posts has supplied the conservatives with fresh arguments. They also trot out the old charge of dictator. In reality, Congress has more often hampered the President than he it. Modern Fascist regimes did not emerge when the executive was strong. Rather they arose from excessive interference by an intractable Parliament with a weak Administration. The White House is infested with convinced democrats.

The most Tory Republican President could not get on without many features of the New Deal. Perhaps such an experience would diminish the number of anti-New Dealers and prepare the way for a return to office of convinced New Dealers who could then work under less sniping.

The United States is in no danger of Communism and very little danger of Fascism. But Fascism casts a thin shadow before in the shape of growing anti-semitism. If the New Deal failed we might encounter something infinitely worse, for a reversion to the halcyon days of uncontrolled and unaided capitalism in America is unlikely.

LOUIS FISCHER

A LONDON DIARY

WHY, I wonder, did the *Times* suddenly decide to devote so much space to "developing" readers' correspondence on the demerits of the B.B.C.'s news bulletins? I have a feeling that Printing House Square had been inspired from official quarters to ventilate Blimpish listeners' grievances in order to pave the way for a possible Committee of Inquiry—the first step towards placing the news department at Broadcasting House under closer governmental control. The burden of the complaints published by the *Times* was that the bulletins are "depressing," that bad news is given undue prominence, and that listeners are often sent shivering to bed, their nerves victimised by rumours which next morning's responsible newspapers—meaning, *par excellence*, the *Times*—show to be baseless. A minority of the correspondents proclaimed—hardy souls—that they found unpalatable news bracing, and preferred the B.B.C. version of events and tendencies to the politely emasculated record provided by the *Times* itself. These defenders of the bulletins, however, were heavily outnumbered by the hostile critics, whose political sympathies are pretty clearly revealed by a tendency to complain that "totalitarian" activities were always put by the B.B.C. in an unfavourable light. My own impression is that the news bulletins achieve, in fact, a praiseworthy degree of objectivity and accuracy, and give a well-balanced picture of the world. If they differ in tone from the daily lyrics of the sunshine press, and hence fail to please the ostrich-minded, that is not a justifiable grievance against those responsible for editing them. To look for absolutely colourless presentation of news either in print or over the ether is to expect the impossible. News editors are human; their reactions to things done or said are bound to some extent to be influenced by their personal interests and tastes. No two men will make precisely the same selection of items for a daily news summary, or arrange the items chosen in an identical order of importance. It is reasonable to demand of the B.B.C.'s news editor that he should eliminate propaganda and *canards* from his bulletins. It is unreasonable to expect him to be a superman transcending every newspaper editor in ability to sift true from false and in judgment of news values. Nor should it be forgotten, in relation to foreign news, that the B.B.C. has no correspondents of its own and has to rely on the news agencies, whose accuracy is by no means always impeccable.

* * *

I sometimes envy the Tory his ability to adapt economics to changing conditions. On July 31st, 1931, £64,500,000 of moneys invested in the Post Office Savings Bank had been advanced to the Unemployment Fund. Thanks to the financial acumen of Lord Runciman, a few weeks later the nation, apprised of this appalling situation, rallied to support the National Government and its savings were saved. Last week Mr. Ernest Brown told the House that on July 31st, 1938, £53,200,000 of Post Office savings had once more gone the primrose way. But this time the House was unmoved. For sound financial opinion has changed and on Wednesday last the City Editor of the *Times* in a searching article on Borrowing for Defence answered the question "Is it inflation?" with a sturdy "No." Government expenditure out of borrowing, he argued, can be precisely compared with any other form of public or private "investment" expenditure. . . The economic value of £350,000,000 worth of houses and public works would obviously not be questioned. Is there any more reason to question the practical value of armaments? And then comes the immortal aphorism: "Houses are to protect us against the elements; armaments to protect us from the lower elements of humanity." So now we know. It is not inflation for the Government to borrow money in order to protect us from the elements or from humanity's "lower elements," but it is inflation to borrow money to protect the unemployed from starvation. Or are they perhaps the lowest elements of all from which our pockets must be protected?

One of the most maddening features of Tory administration is its habit of waiting until a social anomaly has produced a fresh crop of vested interests before it undertakes legislation. All of us have complained of the old taxis, especially in provincial towns, but few people realise the hardships produced, from the taxi-man's angle, by the private hire companies which began to operate four or five years ago. Their cars were cheap and looked better than the hackney carriage, and so we were content to ask no questions about conditions of labour or unfair competition. But in fact the taxi-man is working under serious difficulties. Not only must he be licensed by the local authority, but he must conform to strict regulations which vastly increase the price of his car, he must accept a scale of fares laid down by law, and he must pay heavily for his place in the rank. By serving customers only " on order " and not plying for hire, the new private hire companies avoid these regulations altogether, and, since they have considerable financial backing, they are able, by their cut prices (8*d.* or 6*d.* a mile with no charge for coming to the door), to drive the old taxis off the streets in many towns. Using a cheaper vehicle, they please a public which dislikes the look of a taxi, and does not know that in some cases the chauffeur is doing a ten or twelve hour shift for £2 a week. Like the railways, but without their grandiose propaganda, the taxis have been asking for a square deal, and now at last the Committee on Cabs and Private Hire Vehicles has issued its report. It admits the need of licensing, but does not prescribe a list of fares or say much about working conditions; and I fancy that legislation on the lines which it suggests would leave the balance weighted against the taxi. Why is it not possible to modify the regulations which make taxis so expensive to buy and ugly to look at? That at least would give them a chance.

* * *

It is, I believe, chiefly legal difficulties about the validity of a large bequest that have led the Buchmanites to apply for a licence to form a company with the name of the Oxford Group. For years the policy of leaving financial problems in God's control has proved extremely satisfactory to all concerned, and it will no doubt be a disappointment to the members that the vagaries of British law have interfered with the spontaneous workings of divine providence and compelled them to become, if not an ecclesiastical, at least a financial institution. But others besides the Groupers are disturbed; and Mr. A. P. Herbert asked in the House the other day that the licence should be refused, as the name " would suggest a connection with the University of Oxford which is not justified by the facts." It is of course disconcerting to think that in the outside world Oxford is now associated chiefly with an accent, a motor-car and an American cleric. I wonder if the University felt as strongly about the Oxford Movement. But then the special problem which worries Mr. Herbert did not arise, for John Henry Newman was not gifted with the business sense of our modern religious leaders. It is a far cry from the ascetic simplicity of the parsonage at Littlemore to the solid prosperity of the West End quarters patronised by the founder of the Group.

* * *

Five years ago I should have regarded with dismay a visit to London by the *Comédie Française*. For the National Theatre of France had degenerated into a bureaucratic lethargy, providing a powerful argument against National Theatres in general. When in Paris, one went to see productions by Copeau, by Jouvet, by Dullin, by Pitoeff, but nobody even mentioned the *Français*, and it was thought typically paradoxical of Jean Cocteau to have his *Voix Humaine* produced there. Then there came an almost revolutionary change: a popular boulevard author, M. Edouard Bourdet, was put in charge, and the help of Copeau, Jouvet and Dullin was enlisted. *Jeune fille* parts are now boldly confined to ladies under fifty, and decors are designed by such admirable artists as Bérard and Jean Hugo. Consequently the Maison de Molière has again become justly fashionable. Londoners next week will be able to judge the new regime by the four plays that are to be given at the Savoy, one by Molière, one by Regnault and two by Musset. Incidentally it is a little disappointing to have nothing by Racine and nothing modern, but it must be remembered that M. Bourdet has not yet had time to build up a large repertoire. We are, in fact, welcoming not an elderly and imposing dowager, but a charming young person of extraordinary promise.

* * *

Tom Clarke's *My Lloyd George Diary* (Methuen, 12*s.* 6*d.*) is the record of the adventures of a popular newspaperman, himself no politician, called upon to edit the leading organ of British Liberalism at a time when the Liberal Party was already defunct and its leaders hopelessly at loggerheads. The result is some pleasant sidelights on people like Lady Oxford and Lord Cowdray, and in particular Mr. Lloyd George. I like Tom Clarke's story of his effort to obtain the serial rights of Mr. Lloyd George's *Memoirs* for the *News Chronicle*. Mr. Clarke was only authorised to offer £5,000. (Mr. Lloyd George eventually got £25,000 from the *Daily Telegraph*).

> Thus armed, I began to stalk Lloyd George. I was somewhat ashamed of the calibre of my gun, for I knew at heart it was not big enough to bring me my prize; but hope, the one luxury all men can enjoy, spurred me on. When I saw Lloyd George he said at the outset that he felt he had some moral obligation in the matter to Lord Camrose (owner of the *Daily Telegraph*)—not so moral, of course, said he, wagging a fat little finger at me, that he would be precluded from listening to suggestions from other quarters. Then I fired my £5,000 gun all at one bang and he promptly changed the subject, and I felt morality would win hands down.

The book is not all as good as this, but those who collect gossip will find much that is enjoyable and especially note down for reference some interesting facts and figures about the monstrous absurdities of the circulation war fought between the big four in 1932.

* * *

On Monday the Forsythia in the Benchers Garden of Lincoln's Inn burst into bloom, and for the third time this year spring seemed to have come. As I was walking up Kingsway in the hot sunshine, I noticed a flower seller fumbling mysteriously underneath his overcoat, and stopped to see what he was doing. Surreptitiously he took a bottle of perfume out of his pocket and gave each of his bunches of violets a good sprinkle. As I turned away, I heard his cry " Fresh violets." " Gilding the lily," I thought, but it was not till later that I remembered the next line—" to throw a perfume on the violet." By then winter had come back and false violets did not seem so out of place.

POLYCRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Guy Innes.

All cuttings should be addressed to " This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

> Some of the people who live in Cuckoo Hill Road, Pinner, Middlesex, object to a neighbour keeping a pet lion, and are petitioning the local council because they feel that it " lowers the tone of the suburb."—*Daily Express.*

> There is another objection, hitherto, I think, not referred to, which is a very real danger of a subtle kind—namely, the dissemination in the rural areas of subversive doctrines, political and religious, by the intrusion into rural households and schools of youthful carriers of these poisonous germs. The alien population of London has been allowed to reach a regrettably high figure, and these people are alien in morals, religion and politics as well as race.—Letter in the *Times.*

> Queen Mary nearly exhausted the official party who followed her round the British Industries Fair, at Olympia, London, yesterday. Accompanied by the Princess Royal and the Duke of Kent, she visited sixty-four stalls—one more than her previous record in 1935—and rested for only fifteen minutes during a tour lasting three and a half hours. Salesmen were astonished at the size of her purchases. They included . . . thirty-six combs made in the shape of Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella and called " Mein-Gampf."—*Daily Express.*

Leigh Farnell wants his friends to know that his dog "David" has died, aged 14 years and 2 months. It is not an occasion for sympathy or sadness. David's end marks the close of a long and lovely summer's day.—Advert. in *Times*.

Notts Hussar (Nottingham).—Herr Walter Funk, the German Finance Minister, is not the same Walter Funk who fought Pat MacAllister at the Nottingham Victoria Baths.—*Nottingham Evening News*.

There will be no war. Confidence of Caterham traders.—*Purley and Coulsdon Advertiser*, February 17, 1939.

THE U.S.S.R. 1938

I WENT to the Soviet Union last year in no very expectant mood. I had been told by people whose opinion I respected that I should find it very difficult to see the things I wanted to, and certainly I should not find people willing to talk. They were judging from their experience of six months ago. The situation must have improved considerably. I found not the slightest difficulty in seeing the things I wanted to see. I was even admitted, because of my persistence, to institutions undergoing alterations and decorations of which there seemed to be an epidemic this year.

Occasionally I would go into some institution without any previous notification. To a very polite request for my "documents" I would reply equally politely that I had only a notebook with me. I had not the continental habit of carrying identity papers about with me. A few moments' conversation and my innocent intentions were apparently established. The director put him or herself, the institution, the staff at my disposal. On other occasions I was accepted at my face value without any questions whatever being asked.

Take, for example, my unexpected visit to the country town, if town it can be called, of Mikhnevo, some 40 miles from Moscow. I had been persuaded to go there to a District Teachers' conference, by the deputy director of the Institute of Schools in Moscow. I bought my ticket—three roubles for the return journey, and boarded a very third class train. It was moderately full of peasants with sacks and bundles, goods they had bought in Moscow the previous day, eating variously hunks of rye bread, cakes, sweets, savoury patties and fruit.

On arriving at my destination I looked round for anything that might suggest a District Education Office. Seeing nothing I turned to the policeman on the platform. This was the first station which had a policeman, and a resemblance to a platform. I learnt something of the "town" and a little of the people by asking my way.

The District Education Office was a wooden structure, the logs left in an almost natural condition, of three small rooms. In the largest of these was the District Education Bureau, where I found the Director, a young and attractively dressed woman. My introduction called forth exclamations of amazement, almost of incredulity, to be followed very quickly by expressions of welcome and pleasure.

I spent a whole day in Mikhnevo, a good part of it with some twenty Heads and assistants of village schools. They left an impression of happiness, of enthusiasm for their work and for the Soviet state, of eagerness to learn and to improve their work. "Perhaps our greatest joy to-day," said a plump elderly Head of a distant village school, who had been describing Tsarist conditions, "is the freedom which we have now." They were very eager to hear about their colleagues in England, and thought I was romancing when I said that we pay women less than men.

Mikhnevo is the centre of a very backward, agricultural area. Life is decidedly lacking in the amenities. But it has a very well run hospital, non-existent some years ago, a communal dining-room which, though grubby and suffering from the ubiquitous fly, supplied an excellent three course lunch for the English equivalent of one shilling, with portions twice the English size. I found three schools, a Four year, Seven year, and Ten year school which served the children from the surrounding villages. The last had only been opened a week, and in different classrooms I found the peasant children learning English, German and mathematics.

In the playground the children of all the schools mixed. They presented a picture of health and vivacity very different from the peasant children I had seen in previous years. I was struck by the appearance of these children from a backward rural area, an appearance just as intelligent and lively as that of the town children.

I was present one evening at a meeting of sixth form parents, met to discuss with the director of the school and some of the staff, how their children's work might be improved. I was much comforted to learn that Russian parents, too, found sons and daughters of 17 a little beyond them at times. The school, which I visited by chance in the morning, was far from being a show school. The pupils discussed Shakespeare and Byron with me. They had given *Twelfth Night* the previous term and they had celebrated Byron's centenary by a special evening, when speeches on Byron and his work, recitations of his poems, and scenes from his life as a revolutionary in Italy, were acted to the delight of parents and friends. They ended the tale of their literary activities by asking me "Do they study Pushkin in English schools?"

Were people ready to talk? My stay seemed to be one endless conversation with occasional intervals for food and sleep. I talked with all kinds of people under all possible and impossible circumstances. They were always ready to answer my questions which invariably dealt first with their economic well-being and second with their freedom. I concluded that there are two special sections of the population—one a very small one (it is given as 2 per cent. of the community) which is denied all freedom; and a slightly bigger percentage which, seemingly free, is not at all happy. These, while they are working, often at highly paid jobs, and moving about apparently freely, because they have had contact with foreign countries or have been connected with persons arrested, feel they are being watched and are nervous of meeting foreigners. I talked to some of these people too. The rest of the nation, at the lowest estimate 90 per cent., feels happy, free and content, happy because its needs are being increasingly satisfied, free because it is so much in accord with the government that it has no criticism of its policy, content because it has security.

Time after time I put the question: "Do you not feel it a restriction of your liberty that you may not write or speak against the Communist party or Stalin?" The reaction was always the same whether my subject was a professor, an artist, a philosopher, a station-master, a factory worker or a collective farmer. There was first a look of amazement that I could possibly imagine any sane person wanting to do this. Then the eyes would light up and the faces begin to shine, as they began to tell me what the Communist party under Stalin's leadership had done for them. There was no doubt about their love for Stalin. Said one to me: "We criticise individuals if they work badly whoever they are. Don't imagine that all Stalin's suggestions are accepted without criticism or discussion. But the policy of the Party, the policy of Stalin, that has brought life where before there was death."

Said another: "Of course, we are denying freedom to Trotskyist traitors and spies. Would you have us give freedom to this handful of traitors to destroy that which we have built up at the cost of such tremendous sacrifice, to destroy the new life which is just unfolding? Show me any other country where 90 per cent. of the population are free economically as well as in so many other respects."

Said another, a Jewish poet, a former intellectual, "It is true that we have not yet complete intellectual freedom, but I assure you we have more effective intellectual and artistic freedom than even in your country. Our artists, musicians, writers and scientists are economically secure. They are not dependent on the whims of a wealthy patron." Here I

interjected: "But are they not dependent on the whim of Stalin?" "That is not true. Party critics have as much right to criticise as non-Party ones. If their criticism prevails it is because the principles underlying their criticism are more fundamentally correct. And Party criticism does not destroy for the artists the chance to create. Take Meyerhold. His theatre was closed. To-day he is, since Stanislavsky's death, virtually head of the Arts Theatre and as you know much rejuvenated with every opportunity for creative work. It is the same with Shostakovich whose work was severely criticised a year ago."

Travelling about the country one came to the conclusion that outside Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev, the people were completely unaffected by the trials and purges. And in these towns it was only certain circles that were affected by them. I found Heads of schools and pupils very anxious to correspond with their opposites in England. And my chance acquaintances were all apparently about to take up English and wished to practise on me.

The people's content has a very material basis. Food is so plentiful that men and women are getting fat, too fat. Whenever I think of my journey from Odessa to Moscow I see a procession of waiters passing through the corridors offering an endless variety of food; a restaurant which seemed always full; and stations lined with cheerful peasants selling food. Nowhere on my journeys did I see the hungry, ragged-looking peasants I had seen other years. I found an unbelievable improvement in the food of the schools and institutes I visited. I remember in 1932 that only my determination not to hurt the feelings of my hosts made it possible for me to swallow the meals offered. This year the variety and quality of the food in the places I visited were as good as any I had in the hotels.

Two deductions can be made from the very obvious increase in food products. First, that the peasant is producing more and in greater variety, and second that he is getting more consumer goods in return. The peasant would not sell unless he could spend the money he is receiving. This means that production has greatly increased. And indeed it has done so though not nearly enough to satisfy the demand caused by increased wages. The quality of goods produced has greatly improved, too. Men are at last beginning to look well-dressed. Women's clothes, however, have still a long way to go to look attractive. There is a shortage here of both footwear and clothing, while silk stockings seem to be unobtainable in the towns. The explanation appears to be the considerable increase in earnings, particularly of the lower paid workers, and the demand from the villages which receives first consideration. Queues have appeared again, due, I was told, partly to increased earnings, partly to bad organisation, partly to previous sabotage.

The new Soviet-produced Ziss cars are most comfortable, look very smart and run exceedingly well. It is now possible to order one of these luxurious taxis at a very reasonable cost in the theatre to take one home.

There has been an immense amount of rebuilding in Moscow, the Moscow Volga Canal, a very fine engineering feat, 18 new bridges, some of them indeed "things of beauty," streets widened and beautified, a great many new blocks of flats to ease the housing problem. The number of new schools built in 1937 alone was 171.

That the U.S.S.R. is progressing is obvious to any unprejudiced observer at every turn, that it is progressing towards communism is the firm belief of the people. The feeling of security the people have in their army and air-force is equally obvious. The Russian soldier mixes freely with the rest of the community. Were there any sign of demoralisation it would quickly communicate itself to the people and would be easily noticed by any observer. The whole nation is ready to defend the country and to honour its obligations, but it does not want war. To achieve any of its major objects the country needs peace. "When," I was asked by the officers who were my travelling companions from Moscow to Leningrad, "will your British democracy wake up and stand up for democracy? If you don't hurry up it may be too late."

BEATRICE KING

POSSESSIVE CASES

"No," said a man sitting at the next table to mine in the dining-room of the little country pub; "the police would do nothing. They asked me if I was willing to prosecute; and, of course, I said I didn't want to prosecute a lot of kids. And that was the end of it." "Even if you had been willing to prosecute," his friend assured him, "it wouldn't have made any difference. The magistrate would have dismissed the case. Magistrates always do." "I know," said the man who had suffered; "'childish pranks'—that's what magistrates call stealing nowadays. Well, all I can say is that one afternoon those kids climbed over my fence and took forty pounds of apples out of my garden. Pretty good for a childish prank. And the police say they can do nothing unless I'm willing to prosecute. Queer country England." "It's hardly worth having a garden," said his friend; "it only seems to tempt people. I go in for roses, and take a lot of trouble to have a decent show of them. Well, one evening last spring, when they were just coming on, I went round the rose-bed and counted twenty-five buds. I went back to look at them next morning, and there wasn't a bud left. Every one of them gone. Gypsies, I suppose. They sell 'em."

"Some people," said the first speaker, "have no consciences about other people's gardens. You know Bob Hendon? Well, you know as well as I do how fond Bob is of his roses. Loves 'em like children. All the same, he's a generous fellow, and, when he heard one day that his milkman's wife was ill in hospital, he went out and made up a big bunch of roses for the milkman to take to the wife. The funny thing was that after this he noticed his roses were disappearing almost as fast as they showed a bud. So, one morning early, hearing somebody prowling about the garden, he got up and looked out of the window, and what did he see but the milkman—the fellow to whose wife he had sent the bunch of roses—stripping the bushes of every flower he could lay hands on!" "And what did Bob do?" asked the other. "Well, you know what Bob is," was the answer; "he did nothing. Too embarrassing." "I often think," said the other, "that milkmen explain a lot of mysterious disappearances of flowers. Early morning round. Nobody up. It's a soft thing. A gift. All the same," he added bitterly, "I think that milkman of Bob's ought to have been skinned alive."

A garden, no doubt, is, as T. E. Brown said, a lovesome thing, but it must also be admitted that the possessive spirit induced by owning a garden can be a prolific cause of hatred. There is no other occupation which leads human beings to think so large a proportion of God's creatures pests as a gardener's. The gardener lives surrounded by real or imaginary enemies. He loathes the greater part of the insect world: he loathes the birds that prey upon the insect world: and he loathes his neighbours' cats that prey upon the birds (and incidentally make havoc of his seed-beds). Little children with an innocent desire to climb his fences and take a few of his tulips or his strawberries when he is not looking he detests as venomously as he detests white butterflies. The sight of that easygoing vegetarian, the slug, makes him murderous. He is blind to the delicate beauty of the greenfly and syringes it with poison. In his all-consuming hatred, indeed, he comes to hate, not only the greater part of the animal kingdom, but half the flowers. He calls these flowers weeds, and is as merciless to the sky-blue speedwell as to the carrot-fly. He spares neither the blazing dandelion nor the groundsel dear to goldfinches. Chaucer's daisy serves only to awaken his lust for destruction, and he actually feels virtuous as he attacks Wordsworth's lesser celandine with a hoe. I know a man who confesses that in the course of his experiences as a small gardener, he has at one time or another been filled with

hatred of human beings, cows, dogs, cats, hens, turkeys, wild birds, slugs, leather-jackets, and more insects than he has ever seen. And all because of a few dozen apples or crocuses or potatoes. He told me that he had never known what it was to hate a child till he had a garden.

She was a little London girl who had come to stay with relations in a cottage near his garden-gate. In ordinary circumstances, he admitted, he would have rejoiced in her presence in the country—holding that it is good for the young to be brought for a season every year under the healing influences of Nature. Unfortunately, she could not resist the temptation to climb gates into other people's gardens. Following the bent of her genius, she climbed into his garden, and not merely for the purpose of sunning herself. She ate the only plum on the south wall. She stripped the apple-trees even of fruit that was not ripe. It was a poor year for apples, but she took all that were to be had, and never could he go out among his trees and flowers without catching sight of a small leg disappearing hurriedly over the top of the gate. In such circumstances a generous mind would have reflected: "How pleasant it is to have a garden in which a small child—who has, perhaps, never seen plums growing before—can eat the fruit from the tree! How she must be enjoying herself! I hope she won't suffer as a result of eating so many unripe apples. What a pity the fruit-crops were so scanty this year that there is nothing more left for her to eat! Oh, to have an orchard in which such innocents might wander all summer and gorge at will!" Being a gardener, however, he had not a generous mind, and he admits that nothing would have pleased him better than to have had a man-eating dragon to guard the plum and to frighten the child out of her life. As it was he hoped she would fall as she escaped over the gate. He hoped that the apples would disagree with her. He seems to have detested the little girl as the grown-up characters in one of Mr. Wodehouse's books detested the pestilential child known as the Little Nugget. He confesses with shame that he even began to hate people who brought children from town for a holiday in the country.

I have another friend who has become equally inhuman as a result of possessing a garden. While he lived in a great city, he loved his fellow-men, advocated the opening of all private parks to the public during week-ends, was enthusiastically in favour of the Access to the Mountains Bill, and rejoiced in the thought that hiking and camping movements were taking hundreds of thousands of young men and women out of the foul smoke of the towns into what he called the "clean countryside." His work, unfortunately, took him into a remote part of England, where he was able to fulfil the dream of his life and to live in a country cottage with a garden along the bank of a river. Ignorant of the undermining effects of gardening on an idealistic nature, he set to work turning up the soil and planting all sorts of things—peas and beans and potatoes and shallots and flowers and strawberries. While he dug and sowed and planted, he was the happiest being on earth. "It's a man's life," he said to himself, as he scattered manure among the strawberry plants. He had visions of living in a heaven upon earth such as is depicted in a seed-merchant's illustrated catalogue.

Then came summer with campers and hut-dwellers, full of the joy of life, pouring out from the neighbouring towns along the bank of the river. The first night or two, the noise of gramophones playing rival dance-tunes all over the moonlit landscape delighted him. "Grand to think what a good time they're having," he said. Then, when his early potatoes were just getting ready to be eaten, he went out into the garden one morning and found a hole torn in the hedge through which it was clear townsmen had made their way in search of free potatoes. A sharp revulsion swept through his being. "Swine!" he said, looking with eyes full of hatred across at the encampment. He noticed that the invaders had trampled his flower-beds and massacred his rose-bushes, and he began to think lovingly of mantraps. "Do 'em good to be caught like a lot of rats," he said. "What these fellows need," he added with profound conviction, "is something that will make 'em squeal."

Then came the strawberries—there was already an excellent strawberry-bed in the garden when he took it over, and the strawberries were already beginning to look like a dish for Lucullus. My friend's mouth watered as he gazed at them and enjoyed a foretaste of the first strawberry orgy of the season, which he promised himself for the next day. Going out in the morning, he found that, the original hole in the hedge having been barricaded, a new hole had been made and there was not a ripe strawberry to be seen. "Blast them," he said, "—the savages! Why should the towns be allowed to spread their riffraff all over the country like a plague of loathsome insects? What a beastly crew the present generation of young men and women are!" And, musing sadistically, he added: "I'd like to pour boiling oil over the lot of them."

Now it seems to me that if the possession of a few strawberry-plants or rose-bushes or a patch of potatoes merely serves to fill a man with the desire to torture his fellow-human-beings—to have them skinned alive, caught in steel traps, and drenched with boiling oil—gardening must be classed as an occupation dangerous to the soul. One usually thinks of gardening as the most harmless of hobbies, conducive to philosophy and good-nature; but rob the good-natured philosopher of a few gooseberries or even lettuces, and you will find that deep down he is a Torquemada. I know that there are many gardeners who live in a permanent state of good nature, but these are the ones who have never had their hedges broken or their gates climbed. How many of them, I wonder, would appreciate the nobility of the milkman's conduct in gathering the roses for his sick wife? Very few, I fear. For you cannot, apparently, become a gardener without being guilty of the sin of possessiveness, with all its attendant evils—boastfulness, greed, and uncharitable thoughts about every man and bird and beast that cares for fruit and flowers. Adam was the first gardener—and the first sinner of his sex. It was a prophetic combination.

Y. Y.

Miscellany

TE DEUM

Our task is completed,
War-prophets defeated,
The path of appeasement successfully shown
By making concessions
Of others' possessions
In the full expectation of keeping our own.

Since Czech sacrifices
Averted the crisis
Our future is lightened of darkness and doubt,
For Nazi constriction
Need never cause friction
While Europe's supply of small countries holds out.

To make Arabs happy
Is now on the *tapis*
By dropping a Mandate too hot to control;
Nor will France-in-the-manger
Appeasement endanger
If Tunis be all between us and our goal.

Minorca's submission
Assures our position,
And when Spain is at last of Republicans rid,
To immense acclamations
From pacified nations
Our next conversations will be in Madrid!

SAGITTARIUS

MUSICAL PROMISE

WHAT is the importance of teaching and general training in music? This is a question which needs to be asked if only for the reason that so many people take for granted, firstly that musical education has real importance and, secondly, that it is obtainable wherever advertised. To discover a good school or a good teacher among the multitude proclaimed as excellent is at least as difficult as the finding of a good doctor or a good solicitor. First-rate men in every profession and in every trade and art are exceedingly rare. But only an incorrigible idealist or a very countrified cousin expects to find a first-rate person. What we have a right to expect in a teacher, however, is a thoroughly sound, competent man who not only knows his job and is passionately interested in it but has an equal passion for bringing out, *educating*, the highest faculties and gifts of his pupils. The attitude of a musician to his pupils should be that suggested in the words of Vogler (1749-1814) who, referring to his pupils Carl Maria von Weber and Meyerbeer, said: "There is something in me that I have never been able to express but these two will do it."

But if the student is unlikely to find a teacher of the quality of Vogler it is equally unlikely that the teacher will find students of the calibre of Weber and Meyerbeer. The great musical institutions of the world, the Schools, Academies and Colleges of Europe and America could not continue to exist if they had to depend on obtaining thousands of students annually who were as gifted as Weber or Meyerbeer. What they receive every year is more or less what they turn out every year, namely, hundreds of musicians of average professional capacity and a number of amateurs who will go to increase the musically cultured public and raise the standard of audiences.

The great majority of orchestral instrumentalists and of singers everywhere are the product of our Schools of Music and naturally the chief concern or perhaps I should say the daily concern of every big musical institution will be with that large section of its students who are going to be professional musicians. Now there is no doubt that the general level of musical education to which these professional musicians may attain varies greatly. One can ascribe too much to a teacher. For example, one hears much of famous teachers, of the pupils of Liszt, Rubinstein, Rimsky-Korsakov, Cherubini, but one rarely hears it said that Beethoven was a pupil of Neefe or from whom it was that Haydn learnt that craftsmanship which has probably never been surpassed by any musician. The fact is that men of such outstanding natural genius can be omitted from academic consideration. I doubt if Schools of Music, however excellent, will ever be concerned with them or necessary to them. In any case their numbers are so very few that they can be left out of the practical planning of a School of Music.

But a School of Music can have an enormous influence on general musical culture and can modify the existing standard of professional ability to a great extent. Good teachers can prevent talent being spoiled and wasted. It is even conceivable that the greatest natural genius could benefit from contact with an exacting and inspiring teacher even if the lack of such a teacher cannot prevent his genius from finding expression. I am of the opinion that there has been a rise in the general musical standard in this country during the past quarter of a century and I think this rise can at least be partly attributed to the influence of our Schools of Music.

During the last half of the nineteenth century there was a general rise in the technical capacity of musicians all over Europe. Our orchestras of to-day are far in advance of what they were a hundred years ago from this point of view. But with this advance in virtuosity there was not always a corresponding advance in the higher musical qualities. In fact the attention given to mere mechanism tended to become disproportionate. In our own country a fashionable amateurishness checked this but not with altogether good results because the technical insufficiency of our own musicians made the public more susceptible to the glittering virtuosity of foreigners who often had very little else to recommend them as musicians.

But luckily we are giving up this amateurishness. Not long ago I attended an orchestral concert in the hall of the Royal College of Music, conducted by one of its teaching professors, Mr. Constant Lambert, at which I heard a performance of Brahms' pianoforte Concerto in B flat which would not only have done credit but given distinction to a concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society at the Queen's Hall. The soloist was Miss Maria Donska, a pupil I understand, of Mr. Alexander, and her performance was quite remarkable for purity of expression, musical intelligence and virtuosity. At this early stage I dare to prophesy a future for Miss Donska as a pianist.

I would go so far as to say that the general standard of young pianists nowadays is higher than that of the previous generation. There seems to have come about a real advance in musicality. This is much more important and decisive than a mere advance in mechanism although it would be true to add that proper virtuosity and musicianship must always go hand-in-hand. Technical advances by themselves are only possible to a limited extent. Recent recitals in London by young pianists such as Adrian Aescherbacher and Maria Curcio (who made a great impression on me) have shown that a new generation of extraordinarily gifted musicians is now coming along. I recommend readers not to miss future recitals by these pianists just as I am not going to miss hearing Maria Donska whenever she gives a recital.

One must, however, beware of expecting too much or of being too enthusiastic over the first appearances of young musicians. This seems to apply especially to violinists. The majority of these young virtuosos who make a dazzling success at the ages of from fifteen to nineteen are dull, empty and sometimes even unendurable by the time they reach thirty. Possessing in their childhood a remarkable mechanism, which is a sort of inherited memory, developed by severe training, they add to that the freshness of childhood and adolescence. When this is over the mechanism remains married to a dull or vulgar or dry personality of rather inferior intellect and their career—for the discriminating public—is over. As a witty musician once remarked of such one-time prodigies: "they have their future behind them."

I doubt if mere virtuosity has the same appeal with the general public as it used to have. And in this we may see a sign of our advance in musical culture; also one of the advantages of abandoning our affectation of making a virtue out of our amateurishness. Nowadays the public rightly demands a high degree of virtuosity as a *sine qua non* and the occasional efforts to reduce the public's expectations in this respect are bound to fail. Not long ago we had an example of this in the correspondence in a daily newspaper about soloists playing from memory. Certain writers suggested that there was no point in memorising music, but that one could play equally well reading from the music in front of one. Now this is utterly untrue and it was a plea for indulgence towards a weakness. The really fine musicians could probably play the orchestral parts of their concertos from memory as well as the solo parts. But it is good to see that critics and the musical public too, in taking virtuosity for granted (and demanding it except in the case of a few old favourites!) also are becoming more aware of the higher musical qualities, qualities which I will say were conspicuously present in such young pianists as Maria Donska, Maria Curcio and Adrian Aescherbacher. This to me is a most promising sign.

W. J. TURNER

PARAPHRASES

THE history of copying is a book to be written. The trade of making faithful copies must be as old almost as the art itself. Also, a faithful copy can have immense value. Andrea del Sarto, we are told, made a copy of a Raphael so faithful that, ten years later, Giulio Romano himself was unable to distinguish between it and the original—a disquieting story that for experts. Still more disquieting, it is not only good artists who can make copies of masterpieces

which amount to replicas almost. I seem to remember that the copy McEvoy made of the *Polish Rider* was magnificent. As a rule, however, the faithful or servile copy serves only to show how thoroughly inferior is the copyist to the master; and in this exhibition, though there are no servile copies, there are one or two which serve no other purpose.

The earliest free copy I can think of is that of Titian's *Madonna and Child* by Rubens, which is an example of what I call the palimpsest style, by which I mean no more than that the temperaments of both artists are legible on the canvas. Mr. Mortimer, who contributes a good preface to this exhibition at the Storran Gallery, calls attention to another copy by Rubens, the paraphrase of Mantegna's *Triumph of Julius Caesar*. Here I think we have something different. I do not suggest that all trace of Mantegna has been eliminated; but I do suspect that were it not for the label, a good many people would have looked at this picture in the National Gallery without realising that Mantegna came into it at all. For Rubens has taken the stylistic fifteenth century statement of intellectual concepts and turned it into a baroque painting naturalistic and atmospheric: so far as possible he has converted line to modelling in paint, planes into hollows, stable into unstable equilibrium. Copies of this sort, comparable perhaps with variations on a theme in music, tend to be the most amusing. They give scope for scholarship, wit and even a touch of sheer naughtiness, besides being apt to engender, like any other problem in painting, the high and serious qualities of art. Most of the pictures here belong to one or other of these classes or fall somewhere between them. But we shall see copies of yet another kind, if copies they can be called, versions in which hardly a smack of the copied artist persists and the original becomes no more than a point of departure. Shall I cite as a parallel the treatment of fairy stories by pantomime composers?

When you walk into the upper room at the Storran Gallery your eye is likely to be taken by two copies of pictures by Delacroix: one is by Cézanne and one by Duncan Grant. No one will be much inclined to quarrel with me when I say that these are two of the best artists copying; neither will anyone imagine that I couple the names for anything but my own convenience: also, I hope some will agree when I add that Delacroix is amongst the poorest of the copied. Yet, though the hand of Cézanne and the hand of Duncan Grant are recognisable at a glance by an intelligent amateur, the name that first springs to the mind is "Delacroix." Far from having been obliterated, the original text in these palimpsests is what first takes the eye. It is not easy to make out what goes on in the artist's mind when he is making a copy of this sort—for copies these emphatically are. Not content simply to borrow a design and then paint the picture in his own way, each has peered into the original, taking stock of the brushwork even. Nevertheless Cézanne has painted a Cézanne, and Duncan Grant a Duncan Grant. Further, as one must presume that Delacroix had already made a complete analysis of his subject and arrived at that synthesis which is perfection, it is hard to see what remained for the copyist to do but redigest what had already been digested. Yet, in both copies one is aware of the labour of analysis and the feat of creation: both are works of art. By precisely what processes the artists arrived at their ends I cannot make out, and I leave to amateurs the agreeable task of studying the pictures and deciding for themselves.

In the variation on a theme type—the type towards which copies made from photographs inevitably tend—the attitude of the artist is more intelligible. He treats the original as a model and makes a portrait of it: the degree of resemblance depending therefore chiefly on the artist's manner. Of this method Pasmore's interpretation of *La Dentellière* is a particularly happy example. Though he has changed the colour largely and for a quasi-linear has substituted an almost impressionist treatment, the portrait is faithful enough and, what is more, loving; for, with extraordinary sureness and subtlety, the copyist has caught the mood—and what a mood it is—of this exquisite picture. This is likely to be reckoned the *clou* of the exhibition, though good judges have asserted that Vanessa Bell's copy of a Titian is—the Cézanne excepted—the best painting in the Gallery. I shall be at no pains to differ; by both colour and movement—and both are personal to the copyist—this paraphrase produces an effect of the greatest beauty. Only the appeal of the Vermeer, which loses little or nothing in translation, is so much stronger than that of the Mond Titian, that I shall not be surprised if generally the former is the better liked.

In this style of copying, the portrait-making style, several good artists are seen to advantage—Graham Sutherland, Claude Rogers, Lawrence Gowing and, of the less known, Adrian Kent, Anthony Bridge, Quentin Bell. A new name to me is J. de Naeyer who shows a version of Benozzo Gozzoli's *Rape of Helen* which comes nearer to being a faithful copy than anything else in the gallery, and is almost as gay and agreeable as the original. On the other hand, Gertler's interpretation of a figure in a Giotto tends toward the point-of-departure style. Doubtless to Gertler, himself a robust constructor, this fragment of a grand design was congenial and helpful. The particular fresco in the Arena Chapel from which the detail is taken is, in my opinion, one of the most moving things ever painted. Evidently, through a reproduction, Gertler has felt the deep and dignified emotion, and, in his own austere and uncompromising manner, has expressed some part of what he felt. Assuredly the version has not the beauty of the original but it has something of its impressiveness.

For years I have been expecting the younger generation to take notice of that rare painter Karel Fabritius and especially of his *View of Delft* in the National Gallery. And here comes a promising young artist with a curious comment. Frank Coombs has an unmistakable taste for architecture which he renders with subtlety and distinction. This taste, combined with an innate classicism, has led him in the direction opposite to that which most of the young pursue. Instead of elaborating the classic into baroque, he has chosen a striking example of seventeenth-century restlessness, a picture deliberately broken in two by a daring use of perspective, and, by mitigating the extravagant accent on the "close-up" and giving a new importance to the architecture, has reduced the composition to something like classical unity. In a surprising exhibition this is one of the surprises.

Two examples of the point-of-departure school may be indicated. We all happen to be familiar with the portrait of Madame Moitessier, and therefore realise what picture it was that set off Alison Debenham. But anyone who happened never to have seen the motif could by no means guess that it was Ingres she was paraphrasing. The picture might just as well have been provoked by an engraving of Queen Victoria in the *Illustrated London News*. Frances Hodgkins' paraphrase is said to be "after an eighteenth century Dutch painting." I have no notion where the original is to be seen or what it may be like; but what is shown here is simply and solely a Frances Hodgkins—and a nice picture too.

It is difficult to surmise the intention of the organisers in showing the drawing by Thurber, unless it was to provide critics with the text of a sermon wherewith to close their articles. Frankly this object is quite out of place in this exhibition. All the other exhibitors are painters, or, at any rate, people who try to express themselves in form and colour. Thurber is, in my opinion, the most amusing illustrator or commentator or satirist, or whatever the right name may be for people who ply his trade, alive. Also he is a good writer. But he is neither a painter nor a draughtsman even, and this exhibit has nothing to do with plastic art of any sort. If it is anything, it is a skit on the literary element in Poussin—an element of no importance whatever—and a bad skit at that. The facetiousness displayed crudely enough by the little funnies swinging in the branches is of a deplorable quality, quite inappropriate to an exhibition of serious painting, and to me slightly repulsive.

CLIVE BELL

THE MOVIES

"Persons in Hiding," at the Plaza.
"La Femme du Boulanger," at the Film Society.
"The March of Time," at the Film Society, the New Gallery, and the Tatler.
"Kentucky," at the New Gallery.

"MEBBE I'm hard," says Dot Bronson, the dewy-eyed heroine of *Persons in Hiding*, and, except on the subject of Mother, hard she certainly is. She is impersonated by a talented newcomer called Patricia Morison, and her story, based on part of a book by J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is said to be substantially true. Dot Bronson is a hairdresser who loathes poverty and longs for unlimited supplies of expensive scent. She meets a small crook and puts him firmly through his paces, even to the extent of supervising his marksmanship with the help of a row of coconuts; and, after a few months with this Lady Macbeth of Manhattan, he duly turns into a bigger crook, and finally into a very big crook indeed, in fact—the tops. Dot stops short at nothing, and a horrible episode shows her calmly arranging to burn one of her victims alive, jeering at him the while. He is saved in the nick of time, and this is not the only element of conventional cinema that finds its way into the film. Parts of it are crudely sentimental, but to set against this there is a remarkable air of authenticity about the behaviour of the underworld: especially fascinating is the establishment run by Mme. Thompson, ostensibly for the sale of ladies' hats, but really for a more sinister purpose. And the heroine's hatred of poverty is reinforced by some impressive scenes at the remote farm from which she comes, and where her parents still live in squalor: her mother is played with magnificent power and veracity by Leona Roberts, a small-part actress whose work I have before had occasion to praise. Altogether a film worth seeing.

La Femme du Boulanger is directed by Marcel Pagnol, has a scenario by Jean Giono, and stars Raimu. Its plot is simple: the baker's wife in a Provençal village elopes with a shepherd, the disconsolate *cocu* is too wretched to bake any more of his excellent bread, and the entire village, for gastronomic rather than ethical reasons, sinks its differences and unites forces with the object of restoring the *status quo ante*. Near the beginning there is an excellent scene in which the *curé* and the schoolmaster argue as to the manner in which the story of Joan of Arc's voices shall be presented to the village children; and later on the *curé* preaches a sermon on the seduction of the baker's wife which is in the best tradition of French satire. There are, in fact, many good moments, but this is an exceedingly long film and it contains nothing but talk—colossal conversational courses demanding an alderman's appetite, vast dissertations with no Voltaire to save them and an indifferent sound-track to render them inaudible. At this point honesty compels a confession: my French is shaky, my Marseillais entirely to seek, and I should have given the dialogue all the benefit of my considerable doubt had not my multilingual neighbour yawned as often as I did. While the Marseillais poured from the screen like strings of garlic, even I could perceive that the actors were overacting more and more. The marvellous Raimu himself, who can make any effect that he is not asked to make more than five times, relapses into bibulous monotony. The *curé* (M. Vattier) in the best part gives the best performance; but must he trip down street and aisle with the exaggerated airs of a schoolgirl ignoring her first admirer. I could not believe, in short, that my boredom was due only to inability to catch all the dialogue. Towards the end my multilingual friend, breaking the Film Society's admirable injunction, whispered to me (in English) a story. "A Roumanian soldier," she hissed, "was asked whether he didn't think that the war had lasted too long. 'Too long!' he said. 'Think how long it would have been had it been an entertainment.'"

Before the Pagnol film we were shown two brilliant Harlem documentaries from the French *March of Time* which have never stood a chance of public exhibition in this country. The first describes far more clearly than the English edition the activities of Father Divine, emphasising in particular his claim not merely to represent, but to be, God. The second, *Magie Noire à Harlem*, is a study of the amazing voodoo practices that flourish in the negro quarter of New York. The advertisement placards have the fantastic, nightmare quality of some of the scenes in the *Satyricon*: I liked "Bishop Payango Devasso, Holy Ghost Branch" and "Husband-Come-Back-Powder: the only one that works." The current *March of Time* bulletin shown at the New Gallery is distinguished by the personal appearance of Mr. Cordell Hull who defines and defends America's foreign policy of "the good neighbour." There are some interesting scenes of the Nazi penetration of South America. At the Tatler Theatre in Charing Cross Road, for a week beginning next Monday, the March of Time are reissuing under the title *Europe in Review* six subjects made during the past four years. So, if you can bear to see again Austria in the spring and Czecho Slovakia in the summer of 1938, the Tatler is your place.

Kentucky is, as to story, Charles Garvice; as to photography, technicolor; and, as to sex appeal, Loretta Young and Richard Greene, of the famous dimples. That it is quite fun to see is due to its delightful shots of thoroughbreds training and racing in the lush plains of Kentucky, and to the acting of the negro retainers who are as old, faithful and quaint as could be wished. I strongly recommend even horse-lovers to miss the first twenty minutes, which deal with the Civil War and contain the most exasperating little boy I have ever seen on the screen. For the rest, the enchanting tunes of Stephen ("Swanee River") Foster hover nostalgically about the sound-track and melt the audience into profuse and wholly pleasurable tears.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Courageous Sex," at the London International Theatre

There's no Divine Fire without smoke, and in spite of learning that the crippled Martin has had a story accepted by *Punch* and the bumptious Pierce a picture hung in the Academy, we never really accept their loudly proclaimed genius, any more than we believe in beautiful young women surgeons as shaky of psyche as they are steady of hand. The theme of the play is a three-cornered conflict between love, duty and career, and the picture of a potentially brilliant young doctor faced with a choice between marriage, her duty to her family and her duty to herself, has moments of genuine intensity, while the horrible middle-class family which forms the background is as real and unpleasant as anything out of the lending library. Unfortunately, the author lacked the courage of her theme, and, unable to let the heroine choose for herself, makes fate and the above-mentioned family genius do the choosing for her, with the result that what could have been a drama becomes a haphazard collection of light if felicitous character sketches. The acting, as usual at the International Theatre, is highly competent, but save for Miss Henrietta Watson the cast never rise above the occasion. Miss Watson, however, as an elderly doctor, gives a brilliant little study of one of those unhappy suffragette intellectuals born too late to be contented with subservience and too early to be happy in independence. As a whole, though, *The Courageous Sex* failed to live up either to its plot or to the claims of its characters; plays about geniuses probably need a genius to write them.

"The Doctor's Dilemma," at the Westminster

The London Mask Theatre shows some quite brilliant work in presenting *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Shaw has not for a long time been better played: there is an effect of ease and exuberance. Ideas (not too many) germinate to make this rotund comedy, and the cast shows not a failure in tempo or mood. The recent divergence of intellect from comedy comes home to one when one sees a good Shaw play—how devastating are the unrealities, the *idées reçues* of later-day bold "funnies," how numbing the tedium of our ideological dramas—and these have their *idées reçues*, too. The fact is, we seem to have lost a particular kind of

well-balanced ruthlessness ; we do not even begin to be disabused. Ibsen's life-illusion crops up in Mrs. Dubedat (who is flatly ridiculous and impregnable) otherwise, this play does not date at all. Mr. Fernald's production is swift and matter-of-fact : the four doctors' tableau during the death scene is a shade too striking, but it is not arty. Messrs. Barry Jones, George Woodbridge, Stephen Murray, Hugh Miller, Max Adrian compose, as the doctors, an exhilarating quintette. Mr. Barry Jones, as Sir Colenso Ridgeon, has an excellent outlet for his wistfulness—his playing of Sir Colenso is on the soft side. Mr. Stephen Haggard's Louis Dubedat, in dark blue shirt and corduroys, shows the consumptive charm, and gives Dubedat a proper validity. Miss Ruth Lodge's Mrs. Dubedat is in period with the life-illusion ; she acts with a Nordic vehemence rather than with appeal. Mr. Geoffrey Lumsden's Newspaper Man is a nice piece of work : the part gives him too short a run. As a heartening evening, this is to be recommended : may the Mask Theatre live up to its policy by giving us more Shaw plays with this cast. And may Shaw be not forgotten by our thoughtful dramatists as a model for the sure grip, the light touch.

"An Enemy of the People," at the Old Vic

This is a most enjoyable production. *An Enemy of the People* was written after *A Doll's House* and *Ghosts*, and immediately before *The Wild Duck*. It is the most amusing and Shavian, the least poetical, of Ibsen's plays. But while it lacks the beauty of later works like *The Master Builder* and *The Lady from the Sea*, the conflict of ideas upon which it is based remains significant, and indeed has become painfully topical. From Lisbon to Tokio, from Archangel to Athens, the Burgomaster's doctrine is now imposed : "the individual must submit to society, or, more precisely, to the authorities whose business it is to watch over the welfare of society." Revolting against this, the scientist Stockman is denounced as an enemy of the people. (If he lived in 1939 instead of 1882, he would be in a concentration camp.) Ibsen wrote the play in a mood of misanthropic disgust caused by the universal hostility shown to *Ghosts*, and in the Coriolanus contempt of Stockman's great speech, we seem to hear sometimes a Fascist (Ibsen spent three summers at Berchtesgaden), sometimes a Communist denouncing the *bourgeiosie* and the *lumpenproletariat* (the first English translation of the play was made by a daughter of Karl Marx). But the play is really an explosion of individualism, a passionate proclamation of the duty of being oneself. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie has achieved a brilliant performance of the new free translation by Mr. Norman Ginsbury. Stockman is played, very skilfully and intelligently, by Mr. Roger Livesey. But he gives the character a touch of charlatanism that ought not to be there : Stockman is vain, but his vanity is part of his honesty —he is too limpid to conceal, as most people try to do, his good opinion of himself. This Stockman poses too histrionically, he does not suggest entire integrity, and consequently the end of the play is an anti-climax. We do not feel that he stands, or could stand, "alone." (It was a mistake, we think, to let him beat his enemies with an umbrella, instead of merely brandishing it, and this farcical invention helped to make the finale unconvincing.) Mr. Edward Chapman, Mr. Frank Napier, Mr. Jonathan Field and Mr. Frederick Bennett made the *ensemble* better than that of any previous production we have seen at the Old Vic. Each was superlatively good, and Miss Ursula Jeans, Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston and Miss Nora Nicholson were excellent in support. Miss Ruth Keating's decor was very appropriate. Mr. Guthrie deserves with this production to score a big success.

Venetian Paintings and Drawings at the Matthiesen Gallery

This loan-exhibition, arranged for the benefit of Lord Baldwin's Fund for Refugees, can be guaranteed to give acute pleasure to every visitor who cares for painting. Some of the attributions testify to the owners' optimism rather than to their regard for evidence, but as they have lent their pictures for so excellent a cause, this may easily be forgiven. The exhibition covers the whole range of Venetian painting, and includes works by painters who were not born in Venice, but at some period lived there. Titian is ill represented, one at least of the works attributed to him being his neither in quality nor style. The Veronese from Gothenburg is a beauty, and there is a curious portrait ingeniously identified here as an early Greco. The Giorgionesque painting belonging to Lord Lansdowne we saw in the Italian Exhibition : probably painted by Palma, it is so lovely, especially in its landscape background, that one believes it to be a version of a Giorgione original. Mrs. Robert Benson's Bellini Boy is no less enchanting—a Florentine refinement being added to a Venetian romanticism. The eighteenth-century paintings are conspicuously excellent : there are splendid Tiepolos—one, at least, of them painted by the son but attributed to the father—and we have never seen a more beautiful Guardi than the one lent by Captain Remington Wilson. The drawings are of the highest quality, Tintoretto, Veronese, Tiepolo and Guardi being specially well represented. In fact half-a-crown for the refugees assures an hour of happiness for oneself.

Art Students at the New Burlington Gallery

This exhibition of students' work from the London Art Schools can be welcomed, we consider, only on condition that is is not repeated. The business of students is to learn their job, and if they start painting with one eye on the critics and the purchasing public, the result is bound to be demoralising. It is good for students to see what is being done in other schools, but this is no business of the public's. We hope, therefore, that the teachers will do what they can to prevent such an exhibition becoming an annual event. The general level of competence is not enormously lower than that displayed in any large mixed show, such as the London Group. But far too many of the students make themselves ridiculous by trying to run before they can walk : the distortions that we applaud in a Picasso or a Rouault are merely deplorable when attempted by students. That they should occasionally amuse themselves with a little surrealism is comprehensible, but they ought to have more sense than to expose the results, with a price-label of £25. The best pictures, inevitably, are those in which the student is working modestly with his or her eyes on the subject. Mr. Dawnay's *Indian Student* is a brilliant exercise in the Euston Road style, but his *Woman in a Check Blouse* is a little disquieting—he seems to be exploiting formulas instead of exploring phenomena. Mr. Lauder is remarkably agile, but his portrait is much too Matisse. Miss Susan Williams-Ellis, again, shows uncommon talent in her portrait, but there is about it a faint flavour of the style made so fashionable by Fraülein Eisendieck. Mr. Grunspan paints with prodigious confidence, but his sensibility is less conspicuous. One notices with surprise how few of the pictures seem the result of any spontaneous pleasure in looking at the world. A Calvinistic dourness is now modish, yet good painters, from Fra Angelico to Renoir, have usually been highly responsive to the sensuous beauty of visible things. Miss Vivienne John's landscape, which does reveal this response, is one of the best paintings in the show. Others are B. Coventry's *Still Life*, Doreen Knight's *Cherry Tree*, Peggy Jeremy's *Almond Tree*, Stephen Green's *Marseille*, A. Moore's *Still Life*, M. Ellison's *Still Life*, Eileen Bell's *Snow*, Frances Murray's *Derelict Boat*. A. D. A. Carey's *Landscape*. Mr. George Haslam's drawings are conspicuously good, Miss Olive Williams also draws well, and Mr. D. A. Lucas's Mural Decoration is well composed.

Albert Marquet at the Leger Gallery
Mary Potter at Tooth's

Marquet has been a highly disappointing painter. His early pictures showed an extraordinary gift for "placing," the intervals beween the focal passages being always beautifully calculated. In pictures of harbours, for instance, each ship would be placed in a positively musical relationship to its fellows. But he has been content to turn out numbers of similar pictures, and when he has occasionally attempted something new the result has not been encouraging. Yet the old gift remains, and several of the pictures at the Leger Gallery are most enjoyable. When Marquet finds himself looking at a harbour, something of the original impetus and sensibility returns. The exhibition, therefore, is well worth a visit.

Miss Mary Potter has a delightful gift. Her vision is her own, her handling is painterly, her colour-sense, within its limits, very felicitous. These are drawing-room paintings in the best sense of the phrase—they would open windows, as it were, on to scenes on which we should like to look. The best paintings in the show probably are *The Greenhouse*, the *Church Tower* and *In the New Forest*. But all are charming, even those in which the artist plays very queer tricks with values, like *Sweet William* and *Still Life*. The temperament revealed is unmistakably feminine, and looking at these pictures one perceives how much the world must have lost through painting in the past having been an occupation usually reserved for men.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, February 24th—
Senior School Conference on Methods of Training for Citizenship, Morley College. Till February 26th.
Public meeting of Spanish Medical Aid Ctte., Friends House, 8. Speakers include three nurses and an ambulance driver.

SATURDAY, February 25th—
Performance of "King Saul," by the children of the Caldecott Community, Rudolf Steiner Hall, 2.45 and 8.30.

SUNDAY, February 26th—
J. McCabe: "The Subtle Tyranny of the Press," Conway Hall, 11.
London Philharmonic Orchestra Concert, Covent Garden, 3.15.
L. W. Matters: "India and Britain," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.

MONDAY, February 27th—
Meeting of Council of Christian Pacifist Groups. Speakers: Canon Charles Raven and Dr. Donald Soper. Kingsway Hall, 7.30.
Memorial Meeting for the Kensington Men of the International Brigade, Kensington Town Hall, 8.
Action for Spain, Meeting for Labour Party Members, Conway Hall, 8.
S.P.G.B. Meeting: "Is Dialectics the Philosophy of Marxism?" 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.

TUESDAY, February 28th—
H. S. Keigwin: "Education in Africa," Friends House, 1.20.
Sir Ernest Simon: "Sweden," Morley College, 8.
Public meeting in support of No-silk Campaign, organised by China Campaign Committee, Conway Hall, 8.
Comédie Française Season, Savoy.

WEDNESDAY, March 1st—
Sir Norman Angell: "Democracy and the Liberal Method," Conway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, March 2nd—
A. M. Carr-Saunders: "Population, the Small Family and the Future," L.S.E., 5.
Frank Murphy: "Furniture," Central School of Arts and Crafts, 7.
Scott Goddard: "Explanatory Lecture on the Courtauld-Sargent Concerts, March 6th and 7th, Memorial Hall, 7.30.

Correspondence

"THE TWO MILLIONS"

SIR,—It may be true, as you say, that nothing will cure unemployment but the scrapping of our obsolete economic system in favour of a planned economy. But I beg you to reconsider your attitude towards public works on a large scale financed by loans, as a temporary measure. I am one of those two millions, and have known years of physical and spiritual misery from unemployment and semi-starvation.

Public works would last long enough to transform us dole derelicts into the A1 men we used to be. It only needs to put us to just those jobs that are crying out to be done, such as draining the Fens, and other flood prevention; the building of certain bridges and the making of certain roads already planned; slum clearance and rehousing in towns and villages; and the making of public garages along with bomb-proof shelters. Surely it is urgent that these things should be done from every point of view. A modern Telford could repeat Telford's work in the distressed areas of his day, when he saved the manhood of the Highlanders by setting them to work at his roads. Has compassion died since Telford's day, that we are content to leave a people to perish until such time as Great Britain turn Socialist?

Another point I beg you to take up, sir, is this. We unemployed, and millions of low wage earners, are all going short of fuel, short of food, short of boots and woollen clothing, and short of many articles made of iron and steel and tinplate such as economical kitchen ranges and stoves, baths, cylinders, and pots and pans of sorts. If these things were much cheaper we should buy a lot more. There is an enormous unsatisfied demand for them. There is surely room here for development of the coal and iron industries, such as took place in the printing trade, when they sacked men and took on machines, and by so doing led to greatly increased employment. What is needed is that the various competing interests should be induced to co-operate, and to study the demands of their working-class customers—as newspapers have learned to do. No one but the Government can force them to do this, but the present Government could do it, and no doubt would do it, if only public opinion demanded it of them. There are plans already waiting to be implemented which would all help towards removing the cruel injustice of the permanently unemployed.

JACK WILLIAMS
(Former T.U. Secretary)

8 Heol Y Bryniau,
Dowlais.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS'S POLICY

SIR,—The Labour Party Executive having, in the words of one critic, "blown out its brains," may perhaps think that the issue of a Popular Front to defeat Chamberlain is disposed of. But the issue is not that of Stafford Cripps the individual, but his policy. Nothing can stop the growing discussion of his proposals for a United Opposition in the constituencies, and the avalanche of resolutions in favour (over 200 to date) which is descending on Transport House is a pretty clear indication of what the rank and file are thinking.

Transport House are behaving as if the Socialist millennium were just around the corner, and Hit and Muss with their plans for the redivision of the world didn't exist. As if, too, democratic rights and civil liberties were not increasingly menaced in this country, from internal and external sources. That is the issue which millions of people see to-day, and on which they are ready to fight Chamberlain. The plain fact is that masses of people, not Socialists, but Liberals, Tories and non-politicals, are now disillusioned with the umbrella policy of "appeasement." But they are also disillusioned with political parties. ("After all," they say, "the Labour Party had two terms of office and didn't produce much Socialism.") They would, however, support enthusiastically a short-term policy of social advance, work for the unemployed, defence of civil liberties, holidays with pay, and resistance to Fascism; which would be almost indistinguishable from Labour's own short-term programme. And in so doing they would remove the Chamberlain Government, which stands for the direct opposite of all these things, and is the biggest obstacle to Socialism.

But, says Transport House, unless they will acknowledge themselves full-blooded Socialists, we will have nothing to do with such people. And so, as at Holderness, they make a present of a seat to the National Government. Which does this help—Socialism or reaction?

Now it is easy to make Socialist declarations, but is this the test of a good Socialist? Is not the prerequisite to Socialism the *political power* to begin building Socialism? The actions of Transport House, for all their brave words, are those of men afraid of power. Some of us who do not believe that Socialism can be built in a day by Act of Parliament, believe that one good test of a Socialist is how he leads the people not only to hold Socialist principles, but to realise the need for defeating the enemy party. We shall not get Socialism by ignoring the existence of the opponents of Socialism. And we shall not win people to our side by phrasemongering and the holding out of Socialist programmes, but by their actual experience, in the leadership they get to win the things they want to-day, to better their immediate conditions. That is precisely the sort of leadership which Stafford Cripps demands the Labour Party should give.

This is not to abandon Socialism, to forfeit independence; but on the contrary to bring Socialism nearer by keeping open the democratic road to it.

F. J. D. DICKINS

63 Eton Avenue,
Hampstead, N.W.3.

SIR,—Sir Archibald Sinclair, like Balaam, has given his blessing to the courage of Sir Stafford Cripps, while reserving his malison for the Labour Party Executive. I personally admire both Sir Archibald and Sir Stafford, but I am at a loss to grasp how this double knight's move will make a policy.

If Sir Stafford does not win the support—as he will not—of Labour Party Conference and the T.U.C., the issue of the move is a new party. As one who has, unlike Mr. John Strachey, avoided entanglement in one New Party, I can see no profit in another, which is a mere "answer to the Tory's prayer." Let us suppose, however, that Sir Stafford is successful in his flanking manoeuvre—that he captures the majority at the Party Conference or of Labour workers at the polls. What is this policy to which he proposes to give effect?

Sir Archibald wishes to see a far more vigorous and aggressive policy in foreign affairs. Good. Sir Stafford is a "live wire." He is to aid Sir Archibald; and incidentally, as Mr. Keynes indicates, restore a great liberal movement. But how? Of the twelve points of Sir Stafford's Memorandum one only turns on

foreign policy—a quite trite statement about collective action, in which active co-operation between the United States and Russia is assumed as operative basis. Nothing novel there, if also nothing stable. Sir Stafford, however, elsewhere, has been taxed with the statement that, if German imperialism defeats British imperialism, it will do no harm to the British workers. I will not enter into a controversy about context and emphasis, but I do know that this view is held passionately by some of Sir Stafford's supporters. I do know that it follows Lenin's line of advice, and the tactic that led up to October, 1917—and Brest-Litovsk. This last was the conclusion of revolution and war taken together, although under two leaders of genius, even for a self-sufficient country. In defeat Britain is inconsistent with a Russian experiment, save for so long as it might suit the convenience of Fascist Powers in a policy of disruption. I recall Sir Stafford's declamation against League sanctions on Italy. And I am entitled to ask whether Sir Stafford will accept a " Brest-Litovsk Peace."

I look to the Memorandum and find no reassurance. I find only this—that if the present British Government becomes involved in a war of defence against Hitler, then we shall be " fighting Fascism in what will be a *purely imperialist* war "—from which naturally Sir Stafford will dissociate himself. Is this what Sir Archibald wants? And, if not, what is their common policy? The clear end of this policy, in that event of war regarded by the Popular Fronters as so instant, is military defeat. That is not a matter to mince words about.

Mr. Crossman asks us to consider the dangerous boredom of youth. Youth is, of all defects, that most certainly remediable. As Wilfred Gibson wrote:

> There will always be
> New men of twenty-three,
> Who know they know.

Mr. Kingsley Martin refers, as being hopelessly in need of apology, to those " inhibited by experience of the last war." To the know-nothings others can appeal as well as Sir Stafford—or better. I submit that those who took part in the last war are those most entitled (let Mass Observation get ready its poll) to express an opinion about the next. I am very content to rest my appeal with them. I believe that they will vote neither for Sir Archibald, and division, nor for defeat. They will not vote, if they can help it, for war at all.

May I conclude this letter by expressing my general sympathy, as one of those who were the first publicly to advocate discussion of a Popular Front, with Mr. Ivor Thomas's sober suggestion, as a basis for examination? I do not yet know how he proposes to overcome the difficulty that, taking the country as a whole, the running of competing Liberal candidates is of advantage to Labour.

2 Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. GEORGE CATLIN

[We leave Sir Archibald, Sir Stafford and their respective followers to answer for themselves. Professor Catlin has completely misunderstood Mr. Kingsley Martin's remark. He referred, ironically, to some Marxists who were " uninhibited by experience of the last war " and said that this lack of experience was a main difficulty in co-operating with them. We agree fully with Professor Catlin that " those who took part in the last war are those most entitled to express an opinion about the next."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Very insufficient attention has yet been paid to what is surely the most important aspect of the Popular Front controversy—the economic basis of the Popular Front programme.

As Sir Stafford Cripps would agree, not one of the points in his Memorandum takes us appreciably nearer to Socialism. The wage-earners are not to be emancipated, nor the capitalists expropriated. (On the contrary, indeed, the capitalist system is to be strengthened by being reorganised under State control. And capitalist rationalisation and reorganisation under State control is, it is well to remember, one of the essential economic features of Fascism.) But, Sir Stafford would argue, Socialism is not at present one of the possibles; and politics, after all, is the art of the possible.

Very well. But what follows? The Memorandum is mainly a programme of reforms. These reforms would cost a huge sum of money—i.e., would require a great increase of goods and services. Yet they have to be provided by the capitalist system. This would be at all possible only under boom conditions. But a slump has already begun, though masked by the armaments inflation. The moment the latter stops or slows down, the country faces the onset of crisis and a depression possibly deeper than any yet experienced.

What would a Popular Front Government do in slump conditions? How could it act differently from the second Labour Government in Britain or the first Popular Front Government in France? To restore the profitability of capitalism, it would have to curtail social services, cut wages and salaries, and worsen working conditions.

Let us face it. If the slump deepens, the Memorandum's ten points of domestic policy are definitely impossible, and the masses, disillusioned by a Popular Front Government, will be ripe for a Fascist adventure. And if the slump does not deepen, it is because rearmament continues at an ever dizzier rate, financed by stupendous loans or crushing taxation. This itself may bring a sudden financial crash, with slump conditions intensely aggravated. If not, it will of course probably end in war.

There are a great many keen and active Socialists—as anxious as Sir Stafford Cripps to defeat the Chamberlain Government in the next election, and as distrustful as he is of the Labour Party Executive's new-found enthusiasm for Socialism—who feel that the advocates of a Popular Front have not sufficiently considered the dangers and difficulties of their programme, and appear to look no further than the general election.

What about it, Sir Stafford? Can you convince us that a Popular Front Government can avoid the fate of its Lib.-Lab. predecessors, and also prevent itself from being manoeuvred into collaboration with capitalism into pursuing (under the slogan of anti-Fascism) a semi-imperialist war which will maintain the *status quo?* FRANCIS ELLIS

THE PAPACY

SIR,—You state in your last issue that " A State Secretary has never become Pope." I think you will find that it has sometimes happened. Alexander VII (1655–67), as Cardinal Chigi, was Secretary of State to Innocent X and appointed as his own Secretary of State Cardinal Rospigliosi, who succeeded him as Clement IX (1667–69). Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary to Leo XIII, might have been elected—he got nearly half the votes—but for the Austrian veto. DAVID FREEMAN

96 Priory Road, N.W.6.

" NAZI SPIES "

SIR,—In Mr. Herbert Read's article in your issue of February 18th entitled " Intellectuals in Exile " he states:

" . . . all the refugee scholars who had been appointed to posts in Russia were displaced and expelled during the period of xenophobia in 1937, and the Society's officers had to make special efforts to prevent some of them being sent back to Germany."

The *Evening Standard* was obliged last week to admit the fact that many Jewish refugees have been intimidated into acting as Nazi spies in this and other countries. Apparently Mr. Read has not heard, or prefers to ignore, the increasing body of evidence concerning the Nazi spy system. Otherwise he might find another reason than " xenophobia " for the dismissal of Jewish emigres by the Soviet Government.

These refugees were dismissed because they were acting as Nazi German spies, not—in many cases—of their own free will, but because their relatives left behind in Germany were threatened with death or the concentration camp if they did not obey orders. And this intimidation continues to-day. OLIVIA PRICE

14 Laurier Road, N.W.5.

SPANISH REFUGEE CHILDREN

SIR,—In a quiet little French village in the Pyrenees, near the Spanish frontier, the War Resisters' International has maintained a home for forty Spanish refugee children for over a year. Suddenly Prats-de-Mollo, from being unknown, has the spotlight of publicity thrown on it, as the main centre of the Spanish " invasion " of France. Here as we all know from the newspapers, thousands of refugees are miserably sheltered, driven out in the wintry weather from their homes and their country.

Professor Brocca, the Spanish Professor who has organised and looked after the Children's Home, and has risked his own life in helping many victims to escape into France, now sends desperate appeals for money to give help to the refugees, many of whom are being fed, and twenty extra persons are housed in the Home. There is no need for expenses of organisation or personnel. He has friends who can work with him and even the older girls in the

Home are helping to serve in the canteen already established. France is giving splendid and generous help; here is a chance for us English to give practical aid to the sorrowing people of Spain, and to show once again the international solidarity of sympathy.

We need £1,000 at once. We beg your readers to send us help without delay. A. RUTH FRY

War Resisters' International,
11 Abbey Road, Enfield.

THE McMAHON CORRESPONDENCE

SIR,—Are you aware that in your issue of February 18th you credit the Arabs with believing that Palestine was intended to be excluded from an Independent Arab State, and the Jews with believing that it was not to be excluded from an Independent Arab State? Please re-read the following paragraph which appears in your opening notes under the heading "The Palestine Conference": "... The dispute turns on whether a passage in a letter of Sir Henry's did or not exclude Palestine from the territory promised as an Independent Arab State. The Arabs have always claimed it did ..." NEVILLE MACDONALD

55 Union Street, Ryde, I.W.

[We apologise for the slip. It was, of course, the other way round.—ED., *N.S.&N.*]

STAG HUNTING

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter headed "Stag Hunting" from Mr. Bertram Lloyd, which appeared in your issue of February 18th.

As this letter gives an entirely false impression of the incident which occurred at Minehead recently, I trust that you will permit me to give the correct facts. A deer hunted by the Devon and Somerset made for the channel. As soon as it was known that the deer was approaching the water, hounds were immediately stopped. The Secretary of the Hunt and the hunt servants then went to the beach to see if the deer was all right. There was never any intention of hunting it again whether in the water or out.

When it was seen that the deer was in the sea, the hounds and hunt servants were sent home so that nothing should prevent it coming safely ashore, whilst the Hunt Secretary remained behind with a gun to dispatch the deer only if it were injured. It was not in fact injured, but swimming strongly, and no attempt was made to shoot it. As soon as the crowd on the beach disappeared the deer returned to land and to its usual haunts. When the deer was seen to cross the flats to the channel there was no calf (which incidentally at this time of the year would be a full-grown deer) with her and there is no indication that the calf referred to had any connection with the deer. J. W. FITZWILLIAM,

British Field Sports Society, Secretary
3 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.

THE EARL OF CHATHAM

SIR,—May I venture a mild criticism on one point in Mr. Leonard Woolf's otherwise admirable review of Mr. Brian Tunstall's *Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*?

He says that Chatham's "achievement in domestic politics was negligible." Surely such a judgment can hardly be sustained. Mr. Woolf himself quotes his noble protest against the inequitable system of English government in Ireland. Apart from this he helped Oglethorpe in his efforts for prison reform, he thundered against the iniquities of the existing legal system and tried to reform it in the direction of wider liberty for the subject. Again, his long struggle for American rights, linked up as it was with his attempt to give the common people greater control over their own government, was enormously important in domestic politics. Throughout his life, starting from his early battles with Walpole, he constantly appealed from a corrupt and oligarchic House of Commons to a wider public. As Dr. Johnson remarked of his ministry: "Walpole was a minister given by the King to the people: Pitt was a minister given by the people to the King"; and he was justified, in spite of Carteret's sneer, in his parting words to the recalcitrant Cabinet in 1762, "called by my Sovereign and the Voice of the People to assist the State ... being responsible [i.e., to the People] I will direct." Later he was the first statesman to put his finger on the corrupt and defective electoral system as the chief source of our American and domestic trouble, and actually to introduce a Reform Bill. He failed indeed in passing it, but he handed down the duty to his son, thereby practically starting the movement which at long last resulted in the beginnings of Reform in 1832. He may not have *achieved* much on those lines in his life-time, any more than Gladstone did for Home Rule in his own life; but both these men had the courage to start unpopular movements in domestic politics, thereafter to be justified by the event. BASIL WILLIAMS

The Athenaeum, Pall Mall.

A TUDOR CLASSIC

SIR,—In justice to my forefather, Thomas Sackville, author of the "Induction" to *The Mirror for Magistrates*, may I correct a slight error on the part of your reviewer, Mr. A. L. Rowse, in his article upon the recent Cambridge University Press edition of that work?

He states that "after this, and his part in the tragedy *Gorboduc*, Sackville took to politics; and with such success that he made a large fortune—Fillsack, the Elizabethans called him. ... As usual, politics paid better than poetry."

The statement is inaccurate and the insinuation unfair. Sackville did not *make* a large fortune; he inherited it from his father, Sir Richard, on whom the nickname Fillsack had been bestowed. (See *Anecdotes of Archbishop Cranmer*, Ralph Morris ed. Camden Society.) Such punning nicknames were common at the time, e.g., Spenser called Archbishop Grindley Al-grind; and Aylmer, Bishop of London, a great destroyer of fine timber, was known as Mar-elm. This Richard Sackville, a first cousin of Anne Boleyn, was a lavish purchaser of manors and estates, an appetite which such profitable employments as Vice-treasurer of the Exchequer, Treasurer of the Army, and Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations, allowed him to indulge. Among the grants conceded to him by Queen Elizabeth was the immensely valuable property running from Fleet Street down to the Thames, including Salisbury Inn and Salisbury House, renamed Sackville House. Thus his son Thomas, succeeding him in 1566 at the age of thirty, found himself already the master of enormous wealth.

I deplore, even as Mr. Rowse by implication deplores, his desertion of poetry for politics, but it was certainly no necessity of circumstances which determined his choice of career.

Sissinghurst Castle, Kent. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

MALACHI WHITAKER

'And so did I'

'The excellence of *And So Did I* resides in its spontaneity, its distinguished and vivid imaginativeness, its delicious sureness in detail, its intimacy, its atmosphere. Transposed into art, the house, somewhere in Yorkshire exists for ever, and the children, servants, relatives, friends, neighbours, exist for ever too.'
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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Too-looral and too-looral, too-looral aye-eh!
We're happy and merry, contented and gay,
With pigs in our parlours and drakes that won't lay.
Too-looral, too-looral, too-looral aye-eh!

THIS delightful song was popular during the Edwardian era among Irish medical students, and vividly recalls a vanished epoch. Ireland itself has probably changed in material ways less than most parts of Europe, but the idea which the Irish think they should have of themselves has changed as completely as the respective ideas of the Germans and the Italians. What Gregory Bateson would call the ethos of the community has changed, and it is that which is expressed in books and public speeches, and by which a country is judged. Moreover, the experience of modern times goes to show that the ethos of a culture, like women's fashions, is imposed from above. A minority revolts, obtains political power, and imposes new values. An amusing passage in *Tumbling in the Hay*, by Oliver St. John Gogarty (Constable, 10s.), introduces the drinking song already quoted to show the clash of that of the jovial Anglo-Irish and that of the stern, forbidding Gael. Dr. Gogarty's book is an autobiography: he is describing, with free licence, his days as a medical student in Dublin, and among other memories recalls the unfortunate effect when a friend burst out into that song in front of the founder of Sinn Fein, Arthur Griffith. It seemed appalling to Griffith that the Irish people should be represented as "Happy and merry, contented and gay"—but even worse was "the suggestion that the natives were factors in their own low standard of living." Dr. Gogarty loved laughter and ribaldry too much to take to politics, and his book is concerned with the old jovial, irrepressible Irishman who has gone out of fashion. To be "happy and merry, contented and gay," is an ambition which is everywhere discredited.

* * *

Medical students are traditionally rowdy, drunken, lecherous and lewd, and they have the best of reasons for living up to their reputation. They are young, and violent measures are needed to take their minds off the suffering, disease and death with which they are surrounded, and to which they must make themselves impervious. It was for this motive of self-protection that Mr. Gogarty and his friends frequented Golly's pub, at the bar of which there was a great deal of medical conversation, in which Mr. Golly frequently joined. His first wife had died under the care of a woman doctor, whom she had insisted on calling in:

> "And she came in, anyway, punctual enough and all that kind of thing. But, if you see what I mean, she was sober and she left no margin, if you see what I mean, for mistake—" "No margin of error that might be allowed for and corrected by a consultation afterwards." "You have taken the very words out of my mouth," said Mr. Golly, abruptly.

A fondness for low company and a disposition to extravagant mirth, as Burnet described Lord Rochester, were Dr. Gogarty's besetting vices and are the making of his book. There is nothing easier to read about than other people's misbehaviour—but there is a touch of poetry and wild imagination which prevents one being bored, as one sometimes is by an eighteenth-century Irishman like Hickey. For example, there is a wonderful scene when Gogarty is waiting to meet some of his friends in a brothel, and his meditations are interrupted by the entrance of an obviously well-bred lady, who starts a discussion on the theatre and recites:

> How deerly would it touche thee to the quicke,
> Shouldst thou but heere I were licentious?
> And that this body consecrate to thee,
> By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?

"Dementia Praecox!" he whispers to himself, wrongly, since it turns out that the lady is an actress who has thrown herself into rescue work. Such an apparition is typical of Dr. Gogarty's view of his own life. For though he tells us that his youth was spent in the lowest company, it turns out that scholarship and poetry were always just round the corner. The wisdom of Mr. Golly was frequently exchanged for that of the dons of Trinity College. There is an evening in the company of Dr. Mahaffy—an ordeal most brilliantly described—and it is typical of Dr. Gogarty that he should boast to the reader that his most recondite and apposite quotation was taken not from a learned work, but from the pages of *Answers*, where he had seen it quoted. During the evening with Dr. Mahaffy the talk ranged over the subject of the love of low company until Dr. Gogarty believed that it was being directed at him. Yet in the eyes of his Professor of Anatomy he was guilty of a worse crime—his passion for bicycle-racing was thought a pursuit unworthy of a medical student. Several chapters are devoted to a technical description of bicycle-racing in a rather Hemingwayish manner. They are exciting, and just because they lead nowhere appear completely authentic.

* * *

One chapter is given up to an account of drinking beer and discussing Hegelian philosophy with his mentor, Dr. McGurk of Trinity College. The author tried "to put up a bit of a scrap, a philosophical resistance, if I express myself clearly." But he didn't do well, and when all the bottles were empty and the tipsy don had been shown out of a side door, Dr. Gogarty had the curiosity to take down the dictionary and look up: "what the devil is meant by dialectic," a bit of research which led to the reflection:

> "Well it's never too late to know what you were talking about," I said to myself. And so to bed, to sleep, perchance to dream of something which is beyond my ken, but cannot be swept away. It is peculiarly unsatisfying. It is as if someone were to assure two lovesick lovers: Cheer up! You two may be swept away, but Reproduction shall never be swept away.

As a picture of an epoch *Tumbling in the Hay* is probably accurate, though it owes some of its matter, though not its manner, to Joyce. But as a picture of an individual young man it is fantastic: for Dr. Gogarty's character as shown is mature and self-confident. The values and opinions are those of Dr. Gogarty to-day. Yet one thing must have been truer thirty years ago than it is now—that behind the gaiety and intense gusto for life, and the explanation of them, is a perpetual awareness of death and suffering. The students doing midwifery swill down Guinness by the dozen bottles apiece, and discuss theories as to why women with thin ankles have easy confinements while the screams of a young woman with thick ones come from the next room. Fool as they may, they cannot escape the knowledge that all living creatures are in a trap. The gruesomeness of the lectures given in front of the victims of horrible diseases coarsens, sickens, and then increases sympathy in the listeners. And it is only after reading the book to the end that one understands how revealing is the dedication to Augustus John: "*To you, Augustus, with your don't be afraid of life.*" That is advice which is needed by all of us—and by readers as well as the author of this book.

DAVID GARNETT

COMPETITION

The Proprietor wishes to thank all the Entrants for their slogans. So many were excellent that deciding the winner was difficult. First prize (a slap-up dinner for two with wines and liqueurs) goes to

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of The Mount, Rillington, Malton, Yorks,

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Kind Relations. By ROBERT LIDDELL. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
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Survival of the Slickest and *Black Earth* are both first novels and both "proletarian"—that is, their authors are (or were) working-men who write about the lives of their fellow-workers. The past decade has produced scores of such books, and many of them, as was only to be expected, had little merit beyond the important one of accurate reporting. Even when crude propaganda is avoided the lives of the unemployed, or of the automata employed, must present serious limitations to the art of the novelist. Horizons unnaturally circumscribed, drab and hopeless conditions, wretched housing, inadequate protection against mine and factory disasters—it is highly desirable that novels dealing with these things should pour from the presses, for the more widely such knowledge is disseminated the better for us all, and people do not read Blue Books or Reports of Royal Commissions. But, considered aesthetically, the problem is more difficult: so many proletarian novels begin well with a clear account of the workers' daily life—houses, family, foreman, pools, pub; the scene is excellently set, the overture promising, and when the curtain rises there are no actors! Sometimes, no doubt, the writers are less interested in people than in movements and conditions; but one cannot neglect the sheer technical difficulty of developing a plot among mass-produced lives which run so rigidly along pre-ordained grooves: the poetry of courting, the prose of marriage, the anxiety of children, at last the old age pension and the rocking chair. Out of this material an author might invent five good novels, but hardly fifty. That serfs should exist is a disgrace to our civilisation, but the life of the serf cannot offer as rich, varied and dramatic material as the life of the free; and it is difficult to imagine a Thackeray or a Trollope of the pits.

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Both Mr. Curtis and Mr. Corrie have something more to offer than a report. Mr. Corrie has a novelist's eye for character, and his mining family in the pit village of Brandon are almost as well done as the village and the mine themselves; he shows his skill and understanding by refusing to idealise his people. At the beginning Jack and Maggie are as decent and loving a couple as could be found; but when a terrible accident in the mine cripples Jack for life Mr. Corrie has the courage to paint the deterioration of fibre which such a disaster might bring upon a man of active life. The atmosphere of the home is poisoned, for to take his revenge on life Jack sinks to shameful behaviour: "he had to insult, had to rage, had to thieve, either that or just lie back and die." Even Maggie's heroic resistance to the sorrows that encompass her is not overdone; and the book has, within its limits, no serious flaw except some flatness of style and stiffness of movement.

Although *Black Earth* is his first novel, Mr. Corrie has been for over ten years a successful writer of short plays and sketches of Scottish working-class life, and his professional competence appears in the tautness and reality of his dialogue. Mr. Curtis, on the other hand, shows the typical failings of the novice—over-elaboration of style, jerky dips into the historic present, and dialogue which, instead of itself carrying or implying the characters' emotions, trickles spasmodically between overhanging cliffs of explanation and introspection. But no faults can obliterate the fact that he is potentially not merely a reporter but a writer, and one of much deeper significance than Mr. Corrie. Both books contain a strike; but where *Black Earth* is content to state the issues clearly so that we can understand the men's perplexity, *Survival of the Slickest* paints an exciting impressionistic picture of the workers assembling at the bridge-head in the early hours while "the morning in all its magnificence stretched away to China." His lyrical gift does not prevent him from stating his theme vigorously—the effect on men of the kind of mass-production factory where the only thing that counts is greater output and lowered costs, and a man, if he is to rise, must be on the side of the machines and their masters. Both his contrasting workers, Preston the callous man of ambition and Fleming the good-natured dreamer, are well drawn; but I fancy we are meant to find Preston's intellectual wife and her affair with Fleming more sympathetic than I did. Many of the details are admirably sharp: we know Mrs. Preston's house better when she turns the wireless off and the sound of Radio Luxembourg "continues in a lesser degree" from next door. If Mr. Curtis can resist the temptation to put in everything he has thought of he should write a remarkable book. Fleming's violent end makes, perhaps, too easily symbolic a conclusion, but the last page of all, in which Preston breaks the news to his wife, is masterly in its bitter concision and point.

From the Brandon pit and the I.M.P. factory it seems an interplanetary leap to New York—and Cecil Beaton's New York at that. Miss Powell draws her bow, takes a deadly aim at Broadway sycophants, success-hounds and artistic hangers-on of all sorts, and, goodness, how she lets fly. I have not for a long time read a more deadly, disobliging and savage piece of satire; its wit is of the polite, frozen, flicking sort that makes our English efforts in the same vein seem as limp and homely as a Chamberlain brolly. Read Miss Powell; once you have begun you can hardly fail to go on; here she is in a night club:

> . . . all the best people, seething with photogenic grudges, fought for tables. A string trio of elegant darkies entertained, troubadour style, during dinner, seated above an electric fountain in the middle of the room. At ten the fountain disappeared into the floor, and became mirror dance floor, and God knows what the string trio became.

In writing as in conversation Americans are accustomed, thank heavens, to dress their shop windows and ruthlessly discard the inessential: they deserve their vocabulary.

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Wind, is one aged and autocratic spinster. Unfortunately Mr. Oke, too ingenious by half, has used a movie technique, building his book of hundreds of short shots, each taken from the point of view of one or other among the characters. But often one has to read thirty lines of this character's thoughts before discovering who it is that is thinking. This hinders the current and irritates the reader: bridge-passages are difficult to handle, but to omit them is more cowardly than clever. But for this defect, *Strange Island Story* would be the perfect novel for reading in the Blue Train.

Kind Relations is a leisurely affair recommended for use in a Devonshire garden. We watch through a little boy's eyes the impression made by the jealousies and squabbles of the elders to whom he is encharged. He adores Nanny, likes Aunts Anne and Margaret, dislikes Aunt Emma. But Nanny likes Aunt Emma and dislikes Aunts Margaret and Anne. Mr. Liddell's account of the boy's feelings and thought is so uncommonly convincing that one suspects the book to be largely autobiographical. A child's feelings about sex, religion, other children and the tiresome behaviour of grown-ups could hardly be more accurately reconstructed. An accomplished novel, neither boring nor exciting.

The course of true love, in *Purposes of Love*, does not run smooth. Vivian is a nurse, and usually overtired. Mic is a pathologist, and has had velleities for his own sex. But the ending is happy. Miss Renault is sometimes a little embarrassing in a way that may well make her future novels exceedingly popular. It is not merely that she calls a bed a bed, but the conversation before, during and after is very, very cultured. The background, a hospital in the Midlands, is admirably drawn; and if there are people who do not understand why there is a shortage of candidates in the nursing profession, they have only to read this book. For who would wish to be overworked, underpaid, clad in garments as unpractical as they are unbecoming, subjected to grotesque Victorian conventions and bullied by the sour, the jealous, and the elderly? There is, it seems, one consolation. Matrons are so preoccupied with looking for make-up and ordinary flirtations, that they have no eyes for the dormitory fun taking place beneath their noses. This first novel is fluent and intelligent, but one does not look forward to its successor without alarm.

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MEIN ANTI-KAMPF

Die Revolution des Nihilismus. By HERMANN RAUSCHNING. *Europa Verlag.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

One of the chief obstacles in the way of any real understanding of Nazi Germany is its spiritual isolation. Analysing according to English categories its economic and political structure, we fall either into paroxysms of fear or paroxysms of laughter, or, even worse, we laugh and cry alternately. If, on the other hand, we try, by a process of "empathy," to soak ourselves in the Nazi mythology and imaginatively to live according to the Nazi way of life, we lose all contact with normal reality. The hard facts of everyday life become hallucinations, while the dreams, which we had feared or laughed at, become themselves a new and stark reality. Only with a violent jerk can we pull ourselves back to English life, and even then we are haunted by the feeling that in Europe to-day there are two worlds, each claiming exclusive reality, whose inhabitants, though they may be in physical contact and even in deadly conflict, fail to recognise each other's existence.

Dr. Rauschning's remarkable book permits those hardy adventurers, who can tolerate five hundred pages of unadulterated and unco-ordinated German philosophising, to enter the Nazi Hades. Like Odysseus we drink the blood and speak with its strange inhabitants; but, like him, we find on our return that no mortal language will express our experiences. *Die Revolution des Nihilismus* is a strictly esoteric work whose meaning is almost uncommunicable to any but the initiated. The process begun by Fichte and Hegel has been completed by Moeller van der Bruck and Rosenberg. German thought has philosophised itself into a purely German world.

Dr. Rauschning, one-time Nazi and president of the Danzig senate, although he is a bitter critic of the present Nazi regime, remains within the closed system of German political mysticism. His book is neither a factual account of his own disillusionment nor an analysis of the Nazi system, but a high-flown treatise as shapeless and as metaphysical as *Mein Kampf* itself. Associated in earlier days with the *Tatkreise*, that brilliant group of intellectual romantics which was the contact between the Nazis and army circles, he was one of those who saw in Hitler a revolutionary instrument which in skilful hands might be exploited for old-fashioned nationalist ends. Like Pastor Niemöller he is anti-Liberal, anti-democratic and anti-Marxist to the core, a perfect example of those respectable conservatives to whose lukewarm loyalty the fall of the German Republic was largely due. The bitterness of his hatred should not blind us to the fact that, if he detests Hitler, he also disdains most of the ideals which a democrat holds most dear.

He is indeed one of those unfortunates who desired a national without a social revolution. In the tradition of Bismarck, he worships order and tradition and is surprised and appalled to find that not only Jews and Marxists, but Prussian officers too, have lost their prestige and power in the new Germany. The drummer, who was to obey their instructions, has taken command and dismissed his superior officers. But still, with sad perseverance, he yearns for a regenerate Germany under a restored monarchy, in which the army shall regain control and grant to Germans that freedom which is their due. In his own words he desires "a rebirth of the state out of the army element, out of the clarified and purified spirit of real soldierliness, of a Christian-Western, not of a revolutionary rank and file." These ideals remind me of an evening which I spent in 1934 with a member of the *Tatkreise*. After drinking heavily, we drove together hour after hour through the Mark, and every now and then he would stop the car in the middle of a village and say "Breathe the Prussian air: hence will come our real revolution, the restoration of Prussian order and Prussian honour." Then we would drive on and repeat the process.

Were *Die Revolution des Nihilismus* solely concerned with Dr. Rauschning's own brand of romantic militarism, it would be of small interest to us. What gives it its special and overwhelming importance is that it is the first inside picture of the Nazi Party, its leadership, organisation and plans. If we remember that its author is an old-fashioned Prussian traditionalist, we can extract from it a first-rate account of the impact of National Socialism upon the army class. Its judgments are not our judgments, but the facts which it relates are evidence upon which our judgments must be built.

For Dr. Rauschning stands close enough to the Nazi warlords to know exactly who they are and to hate them as only a half-brother can hate. With his worship of the Prussian tradition, he sees them as the leaders of a permanent and directionless revolution,

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immensely creative but creative only of engines of destruction. Having served within it he recognises their élite as a murder gang bound to each other by knowledge of each other's crimes, and trained to cruelty, not by battle with their opponents (who never gave them any trouble) but by the deadly rivalries and clandestine struggles within the party. They do not regard war-preparations, as Bismarck did, as a means to an end, since war and the preparation for war are themselves the revolutionary act. They do not, as Bismarck did, wield force for the conservation of a sacred order, but they construct their state machine for the annihilation of order and tradition in Germany and throughout the world. In brief, National Socialism has not only, under the guidance of its superiors, purified Germany of Marxism and Democracy, but it has vulgarised the Prussian spirit, invaded the Holy of Holies of the High Command and levelled every class in Germany down to abject servitude, till even the army is an instrument of their nihilistic assertion of sterile, purposeless power.

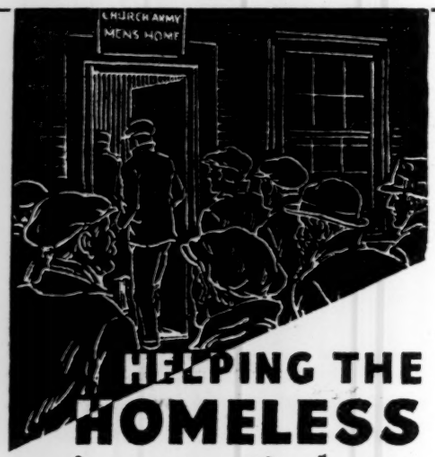
Such is the nightmare which haunts those conservatives who were the associates of the Nazis in their early crimes. Under the Republic the army had been a state within the state; under the Nazis it hoped to become a dictatorship within the dictatorship. Revolution, Dr. Rauschning admits, was impossible in 1933 without military connivance, but even in 1934 the army leaders realised that, although Hitler was compelled to shoot Röhm, he was really on his side. Since then he has had his revenge, bringing the huge conscript army under Nazi control, arming the S.S. as his anti-conservative praetorian guard, and finally last week bringing all the police under Himmler's control. The mousetrap has closed, and last year Blomberg told Dr. Rauschning that, in the consultations about the rape of Austria, his position was that of a Court Jester, free to criticise his monarch, because his criticisms were harmless jibes.

For us the most valuable parts of this book are the descriptions of the author's own discussions with the Führer. As he points out (though he does not apply it to himself) Hitler owes his success to his ability to see through the pretensions of "the powers that be" both in Germany and Europe. He measures his opponents not by their reputations but by their actual striking power. Hating bankers, industrialists, trade-unions and churches, he permitted them to negotiate terms of co-operation —or appeasement. Once the concessions were made and the terms signed, he never troubled to observe them, since, by coming to terms, his adversaries had weakened their powers of resistance. "Win the real power first, and then negotiate peace, since one cannot overestimate the stupidity of the bourgeoisie," said Hitler to the author: and again, "I am willing to sign non-aggression pacts with anyone. Why should one not do people the favour of signing treaties, if they are fools enough to suppose that anything is thereby achieved." Just as it was the "snobbish nonchalance" of the *Reichswehr* which caused its downfall, so too it is the mixture of contempt and fear and sense of honour in his foreign opponents which has given him his bloodless victories abroad. The Nazi view, according to Dr. Rauschning, is that the world war is over. *Got straf England* is now unnecessary, since England has lost already.

Die Revolution des Nihilismus is the book of an utterly defeated man. Dr. Rauschning cannot wish for the success of the Nazi drive to world domination, but he is too loyal a German to desire German defeat. His friends have betrayed Germany to her destroyers, and since they have no understanding of democracy or Socialism, they see their own humiliation as the supreme disaster. It is tragic that he could not find new hope in the following anecdote which he relates.

"A great industrialist told me in 1934 that the Communist Deputy Frau X, a simple working woman, was with him after dinner in his library and happened to walk past his bookcase. Unconsciously she stroked the books with her hand and said 'I don't envy you your silver, your china or your good food. But I do envy you these books.' Shortly afterwards the local Nazi boss happened to call. 'What do you want with all these books,' he said. 'Waste of time and money! That sort of tripe does not interest us to-day.'"

Perhaps it is neither from the Prussian conservatives nor from the Nazi bosses but from the simple working people that the regenerate Germany will arise. R. H. S. CROSSMAN



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There is something one cannot help admiring in the dog-like loyalty of a journalist to his journal. I have known men whose love of the paper they served was of a piece with Old Brooke's love of Rugby or Kosciusko's of Poland; and I have no doubt that if we could raise Mr. Pott to life we should detect in him one redeeming feature, a Spartan devotion to the *Eatanswill Gazette*.

This sentiment is plain to see in the writers of this book; they love the *Times*, and this love has carried them through the enormous labour of writing the history of the paper's first century. Four years ago, in *The Thunderer in the Making*, they brought that history down to the retirement of Barnes, the man who, with John Walter II, really "made" it; the present volume covers the reign of Delane and his Diadochi.

Barnes had been called by the trembling Lyndhurst the most powerful man in England; it remained to be seen whether Delane could keep up the same regime of terror. For a time he certainly did keep it up: a large part of the book is filled with accounts of the way in which Cabinet Ministers came cringing to him as if he had been a Dictator and they modern Premiers begging for "appeasement." He was, it is true, often willing to spare the rod—for a price. Naturally enough, there were whispers of bribery; and it is certain that Napoleon III, who read no other English newspaper, made the attempt to oil the editorial palm. Delane always denied, and with truth, that he received money. What he wanted, and what he got, was information. Thus we find Clarendon, Aberdeen, Granville, and even, after a bitter contest, Palmerston, seeking and gaining the support of the autocrat, and showing themselves more or less willing to provide the *quid pro quo*.

Why there should have been this fear is hard for us in these days to see; but it was really due to the narrowness of the franchise even after 1832. The *Times* appealed, on the whole, to the electorate of the thirty years between 1832 and 1867; and the "taxes on knowledge" set it on an almost unassailable pedestal. No sooner were these removed than it was unable to dictate opinion as it had done; and other great newspapers arose to deprive it of its practical monopoly.

The authors of this book do not disguise Delane's faults and

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errors; and indeed, the impression one receives from this book is little more favourable than the one we had before. It is clear that beyond a deep-rooted hatred of "democracy" he had no consistent principles. He seemed to lead public opinion because he followed his constituents—the members of the London clubs—and the leading articles meekly echoed their chatter. Thus in April, 1854, he confessed to Bright that in his opinion war with Russia was unnecessary. The clubs thought otherwise; and ere long the *Times* became the loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train. It was hatred of democracy that determined his fatal advocacy of the Southern cause in the American Civil War; and the North, labouring under the usual foreign error that the *Times* represented the general British feeling, was exasperated to fury. Nor was the South placated; in fact, a proposal was mooted that the two sides should make peace for the purpose of jointly attacking Britain.

But this power—almost a monopoly—could not last. In 1855 what Feargus O'Connor called "the Whig plague-spot"—the stamp-duty—was abolished, and almost immediately the *Daily Telegraph* came out for a penny, to be followed by scores of others. In 1861, after a memorable conflict with the Lords, the last of the "taxes on knowledge" was abolished by Gladstone; and the unique position of the *Times* was stormed. A few years later, its war-correspondents were outclassed by Archibald Forbes of the *Daily News*. In the 'fifties the circulation of the *Times* was double that of any other paper, and as a well-known cartoon shows, there must have been ten or a dozen readers for every purchaser. In the 'seventies and 'eighties another paper boasted "the largest circulation in the world"; and later still it was yet others that, appealing to millions, threatened Ministers with sad overthrow and dire eclipse.

But the *Times* has retained another kind of supremacy. Thousands who care nothing for its leaders and loathe its politics still read it for its general articles and other admirable features. In these, though they started in his time, Delane took little interest. He cared nothing for books, and the reviews which gave the paper so much prestige came out almost without his noticing them. It is pleasing to speculate what he would have thought of the cross-word puzzle which, as I know from a good many people, is the only thing that induces them to pay twopence a day for a paper they otherwise dislike intensely. Perhaps the most fascinating chapter in a fascinating book is the one which deals with the reviews contributed to it during these forty years. Some are to-day unintentionally amusing—Scott's poems would probably endure, and Byron's possibly, but Shelley and Wordsworth were, in the phrase of an old English poem, "as dead as a door-nail, to deem the sooth." Other reviews are remarkable for their keen perception, and would, I think, repay reprinting.

Many of one's former ideas have been corrected, or at least modified, by the perusal of this volume. I will mention one. Readers of Tom Mozley's *Reminiscences* are inclined to think of him as a mere gossip, and third-rate even in that character. It is clear from what is revealed here that he had real vivacity and force.

E. E. KELLETT

THE VARIOUS EYE

Taste and Temperament. By JOAN EVANS. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This book seems to me a valuable and most interesting survey of hitherto unexplored territory. An advance in the theory of aesthetics can be made only with the help of applied psychology, but, unfortunately, psychologists seem usually to be deficient in aesthetic feeling. The first merit of this book is that Dr. Evans obviously is herself responsive to visual art. She is also a clear and succinct writer. Having defined aesthetics as the study of the relation between the man who perceives beauty and the object that he finds beautiful, she continues: "This relation between the perceiver and the thing perceived is subject to a double variation: not only the works of art that are found beautiful, but also the men who perceive them vary to a degree that disconcerts the philosopher." She then attempts a classification of men based on the ancient hypothesis of innate, consistent and permanent temperaments. (The introduction of the word "innate" seems to me hazardous and unnecessary—is it not possible that temperaments are as often determined by post-natal events as by heredity?) Following Galen and Kant, she chooses to distinguish four main types, and takes her terminology from Jung and Dr. Murdo Mackenzie. (The latter used two criteria for classification: "the speed of reaction and the acceptance of amplification or simplification as a standard of value.") The four temperaments are called "Slow Extravert," "Quick Extravert," "Slow Introvert" and "Quick Introvert." Before describing these types, I should like to emphasise one point: the value and interest of Dr. Evans's book do not depend either upon the terminology she has adopted or upon the classification as applied by her in detail. This book is important, because it is the first study of the "perceiver," as far as I know, that substitutes for the "Abstract Man," beloved by theoreticians, categories of temperament in which the reader can recognise himself and his friends.

The Slow Extravert is methodical and practical, a scholar, a soldier, a museum official, an organiser or a collector. He likes to find a moral justification for art; "he is usually willing to follow the first great philosopher of his temperament, Aristotle, in considering art to be mainly mimetic," or he will welcome a mathematical explanation. He likes works of art for their associations, and rarely experiences "the disinterested emotion of delight felt through contemplation." He generally belongs to the "motor" type, finding a genuine aesthetic pleasure in terms of muscular stress, and easily accepts therefore the doctrine of *Einfühlung* or Empathy. He delights in technical ability, he likes bareness, or ornament that is allusive. Among the artists here classified as Slow Extraverts are Castagno, Michelangelo, Titian, Grünewald, Breughel, Rubens, Rembrandt, Hals, the realistic Dutch genre painters, Ruysdael, Hogarth, Goya, Ingres, Delacroix, Daumier and Frith. The Slow Extravert excels in portrait-painting, and sometimes he delights in portraying cruelty. The severity of the Cistercian Abbeys and the Escorial is also characteristic of this type.

The Quick Extravert is sociable, adaptable, greatly affected by fashion, the actor, the salesman, the courtier, the courtesan—and also the mystic. He enjoys in art the dream-inducing quality, the amorous and the ecstatic. Among Quick Extravert artists are Botticelli, Cranach, Raphael, Tintoretto, Greco, Gainsborough, Blake, Boucher, Monet and Van Gogh. Gothic, Rococo and Art Nouveau and all art that rebels against the laws of gravity can be ascribed to the Quick Extravert, and he is apt to set colour above form.

The Slow Introvert is contemplative, sometimes slothful or defeatist, a Platonist rather than an Aristotelean; he admires simplicity, and gets little positive pleasure from the eye, usually preferring music. The Slow Introvert artist is apt to be melancholy in mood, to depend upon tonal relations and to prefer a frontal character in composition. Domenico Veneziano, Van der Goes, Catena, Dürer, de Hoogh, Velasquez, Vermeer, David, Cézanne and Seurat are among the artists placed in this category.

The Quick Introvert is active, curious, enthusiastic, impatient, interested in cause and effect, fond of travel in places enhanced by the works of man. He may be a revivalist or a humanitarian agnostic. He is not burdened but stimulated by the actual world, he will forgive anything but boredom. He is "generally capable of an aesthetic emotion that is disinterested and profound." He enjoys rich colours and intricacy of form. He likes decorative art, natural appearances made more formal and rhythmic than they generally appear, loves the art of China and France, dislikes that of Germany. The Quick Introvert artist is particularly attracted to decoration and landscape. He likes curves, he has a strong sense of weight, and his compositions tend to be static. He has a gift for simplification, but also delights in elaborate detail when it is decorative rather than realistic. Instances of this type are Piero della Francesca, Simone Martini, Mantegna, Bronzino, Claude, Reynolds, Chardin, Richard Wilson, Cotman, Corot, Manet and Maillol.

Though I am not qualified to criticise these categories as a psychologist, I find some of Dr. Evans's suggestions very surprising. Ingres, for instance, and perhaps Raphael seem to me to have more in common with the Slow Introverts than with the artists among whom she places them. I doubt whether a taste for Rubens and a taste for Empire decoration are signs of the same temperament. The individual, Dr. Evans maintains, is apt to find a peculiarly congenial quality in works of art produced by one of his own temperament; and while it is the serious student's aim to recognise the excellence or potency of works belonging to all four categories, "yet this recognition of artistic validity for another type can never have the same assurance or give the same delight as the aesthetic contemplation of a work of art with which the observer himself is in harmony." If A and B differ about the comparative merits of Greco and Ingres, we should conclude not that one of them is more aesthetically sensitive

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CLAIMS.	**LIFE BRANCHES.** The Life Claims and Matured Endowments paid and outstanding numbered 376,625 and amounted with Bonuses to	**£7,984,669**
	FIRE AND ACCIDENT BRANCHES. Claims paid and outstanding amounted to	**£813,423**
	TOTAL CLAIMS PAID £125,953,218	
FUNDS.	**INCREASE IN FUNDS**	**£4,885,233**
	TOTAL FUNDS £104,986,930	
BONUS.	**ORDINARY BRANCH.** A simple Reversionary Bonus has been declared on Pearl Policies entitled to participate in full profits at the rate of.. ..	**£2 - 0 - 0** per cent.
	INDUSTRIAL BRANCH. To provide Reversionary Bonuses on Policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1932, a sum has been set aside amounting to	**£812,212**

than the other, but that they belong to different psychological categories. Dr. Evans seems to exaggerate the limitations imposed by temperament. (Let me use myself as the guinea-pig most easily available for experiment.) I am described in her account of the Quick Introvert (even my rooms, as she says, are over-full and untidy). But among the painters she lists, my favourites, I notice, come from all four classes. I find Rubens, Botticelli and Cézanne no less "congenial" than my fellow Quick Introverts, Piero and Chardin. It is true, on the other hand, that I respond feebly to the Flemish Primitives and dislike almost all German painting—a limitation that Dr. Evans considers highly characteristic of the Quick Introvert.

At this point I begin to wonder whether Dr. Evans has not confused two issues. I recognise the general validity of her classification of artists, which seems to me helpful. (Thus it revealed to me the curious similarity between Catena and Seurat.) I also recognise the validity of her classification of "perceivers." But I am doubtful about the identity of the two classifications. The Slow Introvert, we are told, rarely turns his mind to the understanding of concrete works of visual art; and it is "characteristic that for him music should be the dominant art; poetry the next, and the visual arts no more than the vaguest background." The Slow Extravert, again, "has perhaps less spontaneous appreciation of visual art than the men of any other type; and for this reason is the man most apt to lay down the law about it." (At least one eminent art-critic I recognise in this description: though he seems to have no eyes for seeing the difference between good pictures and bad pictures, his aesthetic generalisations are usually thoughtful and stimulating.) The Slow Extravert rarely experiences "the disinterested emotion of delight felt through contemplation," and his usual point of view is expressed by Byron in the words "I know nothing of painting and detest it, unless it reminds me of something I have seen or think it possible to see."

It now seems to me probable that no painters, at least no good painters, belong to either of these "Slow" types. And I wonder whether the four temperaments attributed to painters are not subdivisions of the two "Quick" temperaments attributed to perceivers, the Romantics being Extraverts, the Classics Introverts? Moreover, I become increasingly doubtful about the terminology. The Germans, as a people, seem to me much more introverted than the Italians, yet their art, according to Dr. Evans, seems usually extraverted.

The one field, according to the author, in which her study may be of practical value is that of education. "It is the duty of every man to discover what works of art he truly admires, and the duty of every educationist to set him on the right path of discovery." Training in art-appreciation she condemns as dangerous, and children "may be taught to look at works of art from the historical or technical point of view, but they should not be taught to admire what their teacher considers admirable." I should add that the book helps us to recognise the limitations imposed upon our taste by our temperament. It will not help me to enjoy Memling, but I hope it may prevent me from ever taking pride in my deficiencies.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

GARDENING SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

Gardening Heresies and Devotions. By WILLIAM BOWYER HONEY. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The title of Mr. Honey's book is far more provocative than its contents. Far from being a *mauvais esprit*, he is extremely sound and sensible. Indeed, the only real heresy I could detect in him as the author of a gardening book, was his most acceptable rejection of the sickening phraseology usual in such books and of the attitude implied by such phraseology, an attitude obnoxious in the extreme to any realistic gardener. Mr. Honey loathes the expressions "old-world," "art-shades," "roses of olden days," "blaze of colour," as much as I or any reasonable person. He can talk about trellises and pergolas with a healthy dislike of rusticity or mock simplicity; about herbaceous borders with admirably unsentimental sense; about Miss Gertrude Jekyll and Mr. William Robinson with the balanced admiration that both those great gardeners deserve; about birds, grey squirrels, and pylons in the same realistic tone. He likes birds, but "that birds should arouse sentiment more than (say) cats or elephants points, I think, to a variety of the pathetic fallacy." How right, how true. About pylons he feels that "the free forms of Nature cannot be hurt by the proximity of a straightforward piece of engineering as long as it takes the most efficient and simple form, and no attempt is made to decorate it." Again, how right, how true. This admirable good sense travels all through his book like a solid thread on which all his ideas are strung.

On matters of taste too (though, as he rightly remarks, taste is proverbially not worth arguing about), I found myself almost invariably in agreement with him. His appreciation of form as no less important than colour, and of careful grouping as preferable to mere indiscriminate massing, carries this vital point of modern gardening a step further. His sensitive appraisal of individual flowers is usefully supported by his ability to describe them—no easy task, as anyone who has attempted it will agree. How well he writes, for instance, of the great Mourning iris: "A preference for a soft and shapeless prettiness, for a *Gypsophila* cloud or the confused pink of *Clarkia*, rather than for the grand outline and sombre magnificent colour of *Iris Susiana* implies a difference of taste which is fundamental, unbridgable. . . . The form (of *Iris Susiana*) recalls the wilder baroque fancies of the Venetian glass-blowers of the seventeenth century." It could not be better said.

Of course on some points I must inevitably differ. Mr. Honey's opinion of the scent of lupins and Crown Imperials surprised me: the first, which reminds me (especially in the tree-lupins), of nothing so much as Mr. Honey's own name to him seems merely "malodorous"; the second, which to me suggests a mixture of garlic and something even more unpleasant, reminds him of roasting coffee. Well, well. Then, again, I think a heresy he might well have supported is the revisal of the orthodox idea that red roses which fade to purple should be discouraged: some red roses which have this habit fade to a really beautiful subfusc colour, which, rightly placed, contributes great value. And if he thinks *Iris fulva* "a rather washed-out shade of red-purple," then all I can say is that his *Iris fulva* must be very different from the one I know. And he must have been very unfortunate with his *Iris Kæmpferi* whose colouring he finds "dry and chalky." I was sorry also to find him repeating the old belief that yew hedges are of too slow a growth for the gardening outlook that usually prevails to-day. This may be true of certain soils, but as it is certainly not true of others I think the disparagement needs qualification.

But these are minor points. A more serious criticism of an otherwise excellent and suggestive book is one which can nearly always be applied to such works: that it does not contain enough practical advice. It is all very well to be told what to grow, but most of us also require to be told how best to treat it. Mr. Honey might have been less parsimonious with his cultural notes (which, after all, can always be relegated to an appendix). He inserts a note of the type I mean on the treatment of the difficult, beautiful regelio-cyclus irises, so clear and useful that it made me impatient for more.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

The Social Function of Science. By J. D. BERNAL. *Routledge,* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Science is concerned with the organisation and extension of knowledge and with the application of the fruits of this activity to human welfare. When scientific advances in either field conform with dominant social and political ideas, or when they do not appear to conflict with these ideas, they are accepted, either tacitly or overtly, by the world outside science. When they conflict they are attacked as being disruptive and destructive, and science becomes branded as the enemy of mankind. But in spite of the frequent opposition to the spread of scientific ideas, history shows that, when sound, they inevitably become part of the general structure of social thought. The attitude of the Church to the ideas of Galileo and Darwin, for example, was a fruitless opposition, and the efforts of private individuals, like Ruskin and Gissing, who have ever been ready to rail against science, have been even less effective. "I hate and fear science," wrote Gissing, "because for long to come if not for ever, it will be the remorseless enemy of mankind . . . destroying all simplicity and gentleness of life, all the beauty of the world." Such may be the feelings of frank opponents of science. They are not the declared opinions of the world at large—whatever it may feel secretly—for the voices of the Gissings and Ruskins are inevitably drowned in the din of steel foundries, and silenced by the riches born of ever-new scientific discoveries. "Those who employ research," commented the *Times* some two weeks ago, in its review of the Report

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3.P.52

of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, "reap their reward." Yes, they reap their reward. But the scientist who is responsible for this reward is left to stare bewildered into a social mirror in which he is mostly reflected as the secret slave of industry, a provisioner of armouries, and a destroyer of Faith—anything but what he sees himself within his own world. For most scientists, it must be insisted, are primarily concerned only with things which extend the bounds of human experience and which improve the conditions in which this experience can be enjoyed. In the conflict between this fundamental purpose within science, and the distorted conception and application of science in the outside world, can be read the history and the future of the social relations and social functions of science.

It is this problem which Professor Bernal's book sets out to analyse. It is a unique attempt to study the connections of science with social and economic developments and with the general activity of society. No one has ever before provided so comprehensive an analysis of the actual working of science—whether it be regarded as an adventure into pure thought or as an instrument of social wealth. It is as far-reaching an indictment of the existing mechanisms and relations of science as was Roger Bacon's attack on the scholasticism of the Middle Ages. Some of its data may be deficient, a few of the conclusions to which they lead may therefore be indefinite, and its emphasis of actual and promised achievements of science within a socialist state may antagonise some readers. It is closely documented and it is by no means easy reading. Even if it is all this, the searchlight it throws on scientific organisation and training, on the causes of the frustration of scientific discovery, and on the factors which to-day canalise most scientific activity to a destructive end, cannot but have an effect on the future management of science, and so on the future of society.

Science, as Professor Bernal points out, is to-day a social institution which is supported both by the State and by industry. It has provided the machinery for the civilisation which we know, and it provides the means for maintaining that civilisation. It has reacted on social thought and it has transformed society. It gives us the means of satisfying our material needs. And looked at from a very simple point of view, it pays. The average return on money invested in scientific research has been shown by analyses of scientific expenditure to be about eight hundred per cent. per annum. And yet, in spite of all this, the scientist finds himself not only without any direct control of the immediate course of human affairs, but also poorly organised and subsidised. The total sum spent in academic, industrial, and government research in Great Britain each year is no more than four million pounds, which represents only one-tenth of one per cent. of the national income (and about a tenth of that spent in the United States). Moreover, the smallest part of this sum goes to research within the universities, which nevertheless contribute most to fundamental, as opposed to applied, research. The inadequate opportunities for research could not be better shown than by the fact that although some 3,700 trained scientists and technologists are turned out each year by the universities in this country, there are only some thirty senior research posts, with an average salary of £425, and 100 junior research posts of an average salary of £186, available each year outside industrial and government institutions. There must be, one feels, some strong reason for this anomaly, and Professor Bernal suggests it is partly to be found in the gap which has developed through the years between the scientific and non-scientific worlds. The efforts of scientists are generally misunderstood, because they are not interpreted to the world by scientists themselves, and because few of those who are immediately responsible for the conduct of social affairs are scientists. There are, for example, no scientists in the government. Even stranger to relate, there are very few scientists on the directorates of the larger electrical and chemical industries, organisations which owe their entire existence to science. According to Professor Bernal, only thirteen of the 114 directors of nine firms which between them control three-quarters of the scientific research in this country have any scientific qualifications. But directors must nevertheless know of the value of scientific research, and they must have reasons for endowing it so lightly.

Some possible reasons are made clear by Professor Bernal. The three main technical changes which result from the industrial application of science are, "the increasing automatism of production, the greater utilisation of materials with the elimination of waste, and the saving of capital costs owing to more rapid turnover. . . . Science therefore is complementary to other means of reducing costs—factory organisation, speeding up of workers, or lowering of wages." The extent to which it is used will depend on its relative advantage compared with these other methods. The chief disadvantages which are often assumed to result from the application of science are technological unemployment, high obsolescence charges, and economic instability. Here, according to Professor Bernal, the directors of industry and commerce find their reasons for not subsidising scientific research more than they do, and for not taking advantage of the enormous profit which scientific research can provide. But on the other hand, no objective analysis can give science the main responsibility for the disadvantages which result from its impact on social and industrial life. Professor Bernal himself lays the blame for them on the economic system within which science operates, and his concluding remark on this point does not suggest that he has any confidence in an immediate diminution in the existing instability of present society. "Either science will be stifled, and the system itself go down in war and barbarism, or the system will have to be changed to let science get on with its job."

And the world to-day sees science mostly stifled and perverted. What has happened to scientific thought in Germany is already a matter of scientific history. What is left there of science is almost entirely that part which can help effectively in her aggressive political life. In Socialist Russia, on the other hand, all science is an essential part of the State, however poorly it may be developed on certain fronts. Comparing the two, Professor Bernal argues that "the possibilities which science does offer can only be realised by creating a new ordered and integrated political and economic system on a world scale." But he is sufficiently a realist to see that the world is indeed far from this goal. Nor does he underestimate the opposition to the implication that science ultimately means a unified, a co-ordinated, and a conscious control of the whole of social life.

Professor Bernal's attitude to the part which science could play and should play in social life is a very strong reflection of a change which has come over most scientists during the past few years. Scientists to-day understand only too well the gulf between the use of science for fruitful purposes and its frustration and employment for destructive ends. They know that research into the biological needs of mankind should not lag behind investigations of man's physical environment. And in their new social consciousness, they also realise that they are no more responsible for the perversions of science, and for the increasing use of science in war preparations, than are cutlers for the fact that knives are sometimes used in murder. The opening by Sir Richard Gregory of the columns of *Nature* to discussions of the social responsibilities of science, and the formation last year of a division of the British Association devoted to the social and international relations of science, are all signs of this growing awareness of scientists of their social responsibilities. The future of science and of society are inextricably bound together, and the better organised and more socially conscious the scientist is, the greater part will he be able to play in the betterment of humanity, and in the preservation of intellectual liberty and social justice. Macaulay, in his essay on Bacon, wrote of science: "A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting point to-morrow." There is no indication that science will not be at its starting post to-morrow. The further it is able to advance, as Professor Bernal shows so clearly, the better will it be able to discharge its social function of widening human experience and improving the conditions of human life.

S. ZUCKERMAN

GUSTO

Dr. Quicksilver. The Life of Charles Lever. By LIONEL STEVENSON. *Chapman and Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Charles Lever, wholly Irish in temperament, was half Irish by birth. His father, a Lancashire Englishman, came to Dublin, set up as a building contractor, married a Miss Julia Candler from County Kilkenny, and prospered; his undertakings included Maynooth College, two or three churches, the General Post Office. He remodelled the Parliament Building to house the Bank of Ireland. The James Levers seem to have swum the Dublin waters like a couple of ducks; they had, too, that particular flair for family life that seems to belong to the period. In North Dublin, then out at Moatfield, the Clontarf villa, the interior was cosy, rosy and gay. Charles Lever's boyhood, at home or with his Kilkenny cousins, was idyllic—too idyllic: it lasted a long time. He grew up dashing—the typical jolly fellow, set on a sort of full-blooded extravagance, detesting, denying the melan-

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ST. JAMES.	**Geneva.**	Wed. & Sat.
S. MARTIN'S.	**When We are Married.**	Tu., Fr.
SAVILLE.	**Worth a Million.**	Wed. & Sat.
STRAND.	**Little Ladyship.**	Thurs., Sat.
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Fri.,	Mar. 3rd, 8.0.	MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.
Sat.,	Mar. 4th, 2.30.	BALLET—THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.
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cholv element, with darkness only in the pit of his mind. The melancholy that threatened him was the cureless melancholy of the volatile man.

Love of the grand manner obsessed him, as it does obsess the Irish. The Ireland he loved, and was to perpetuate, was the Ireland of his original view—the garrison swagger, the grandiose coastline, the castle with its noisy society. When he came back to live near Dublin as an editor, this canvas gradually tore across: he had only one more glimpse of happiness in the country, when he returned there as a fêted old man—and even then he was come on bowed and silent, his head leaning heavily on his hand. From such a youth as Lever's, it is only possible that life should be a steady decline. The pleasure he got from writing was the pleasure of a pretty steady recourse to the hardier part of his temperament, and of recourse to his lasting fantasies. Reality got at him through money troubles and ill-health; these two detestable menaces were upon him almost the whole time. He stood up to these best in the heart of his family—which, increasing, moved with him round the Continent, continuing the idyllic Lever tradition—and in society, where he stood at his full height. He liked Continental society—the small court, pillared and sunny resorts full of smiling expatriates. Himself, he was a born expatriate—with his temperament, he could hardly be otherwise. Dublin, after the Templeogue years, unpleasantly haunted him; London he detested (or so he said). His resolution to live like a gentleman made him shun literary society—but even at a distance he caught its phobias: he grew disheartened, suspicious, saw enemies everywhere. His relations with his publishers were one long anxious unhappy muddle. He had a thousand projects, a thousand abandonments.

From Mr. Stevenson's careful biography, Lever's portrait emerges clearly enough. The man is not important, but he is striking and touching. The life he lived with such energy, the troubles he circumvented or overbore might have been summarised: Mr. Stevenson has been over-conscientious, given us too much. The boyhood, the Ulster practice, the years in Brussels make the best reading—as they must have been, also, the best years to live. If the life were given less fully, the significant passages—the editorship of the Dublin University Magazine, the Templeogue house, the aspirations, the political antipathies—could have been gone into more fully, which would have been repaying. English Italy, at the height of its nineteenth-century bloom, is too familiar already from other lives: that atmosphere pickled Lever in its pleasantness, blurred him a little with its amenities, but did nothing that was important to him. Those years, the man's spirit ran underground: he was face to face with himself at detestable Trieste, where he died.

His writing—he would not have called it his art—was forced by circumstances: he showed the tragedy of exuberance that becomes mechanical. But he stays admirable, and most of all now, when the novel of sheer gusto is unknown. *Charles O'Malley* and *Harry Lorrequer* are high points in gusto literature.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND

Peasant Life in China: A Field Study of Country Life in the Yangtze Valley. By HSIAO-TUNG FEI, with a preface by PROFESSOR BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Anthropologists have been in the habit of concentrating on "primitives," and while we may learn something about ourselves by studying the primitives, and also by studying the mentally backward and the larger apes, we are never quite sure with the primitives as to just how primitive they are. Professor Malinowski, who introduces us to Dr. Fei's book, is almost in a class by himself, like Lytton Strachey, and just as Lytton Strachey's imitators range through history debunking all sorts of people, so too Malinowski's imitators pick out islands for themselves in the Pacific, tell us that they learnt the language in a fortnight, and want us to believe that with this equipment they have learnt tremendously significant things in the course of a nine or ten months' stay. Here, however, is something very different—a study of that which has much of the primitive and yet deals with the groundwork of the oldest existing civilisation.

It might seem to the casual reader an easy thing enough for an educated man to live in a village and write about his own people, but it is one of the most difficult things in the world to do work of the kind that Dr. Fei presents to us. Japanese who write English with some fluency are fond of telling us that nowadays it is the task of such as themselves to interpret Japan to the world—and they proceed to do it in the most deplorable fashion, their attention always on their foreign audience and their object being to produce the desirable impression. In striking contrast, a number of Chinese scholars have shown that they can write with a delightful detachment, a sense of what the scientific English or American reader will want to know, and a freedom from the obsession that a proper impression must be made.

The village to which Dr. Fei devotes his attention in this book is—or was—on the south side of the lower Yangtze—a land for the most part entirely flat and plentifully intersected by canals and waterways which make one doubt whether Robert Montgomery's "streams meander level with their fount" was quite so ridiculous a figure as Macaulay declared. Similar studies have been carried out by other students in a number of provinces of greatly varied character, Dr. Fei tells us, "and will be pursued in the future by more extensive and better organised efforts." This mild statement is really almost a battle-cry, for Dr. Fei immediately goes on:

> I am reluctant to present this premature account, premature because I have been deprived of chances of further field investigation in the immediate future on account of the Japanese occupation and destruction of the village here described. But I am presenting this study in the hopes that it may give a realistic picture to western readers of the huge task that has been imposed on my people and the agony of the present struggle. Without being pessimistic, let me assure my readers that the struggle is evidently to be a long and grave one. We are ready for the worst, and it may be a thousand times worse than the Japanese bombs and poisonous gas. I am, however, confident that, despite the past errors and present misfortunes, China will emerge once more a great nation, through the unswerving effort of her people. The present account is not a record of a vanished history but a prelude to a new chapter of the world history that will be written not in ink but in the blood of millions.

Rice is the chief product of the area studied, and only half the crop is needed for local consumption. The best silk in China—which means the best in the world—is produced in the neighbourhood, but though great improvements have been made by co-operative methods, the mass production of Japan bankrupts the local industry because the Japanese themselves are nearly ruined by the competition of rayon. There are various other crops, nearly every family has a boat used both for transport and fishing, and one would think there was no need for the usurer—but there is much debt, and, after all, it is better to live in debt than not to live at all. But this description of actualities and of actualities which continually change points to a realisation of the need of reform in various directions.

There are also the social questions to be considered. Dr. Fei's village has its share in the young wife's oppression by her mother-in-law which is the curse of India, China, Korea and Japan—nearly half the population of the world. The Asiatic social system seems to have been built with the sole idea of securing a safely selfish old age. It inflicts much misery on youth and does not achieve its object very completely after all. Dr. Fei tells us of the changes that have quite lately taken place. Inheritance, instead of being entirely in the male line, now gives some regard to the woman, who will benefit slowly by this reform—in this sort of reform the alteration of the law does not immediately alter the practice.

Anthropological studies among primitives tend rather to the conclusion that it would be better if they could be left alone, as all reforms seem to be fatal to them. In a series of studies like this, the tendency is rather to point to the great possibility of improvement by reform. The amount which one reader can digest is limited; but such studies, not merely in China, but everywhere, in town and in country, may some day become a very important matter. We do much by specialised studies in labour, agriculture, and other means of livelihood, and some even in fiction and drama, but the sort of study that Dr. Fei has given us suggests a new line of progress—the chief drawback being that it is so difficult to do it well and so easy to do it badly.

A. MORGAN YOUNG

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notable contributions to this literature. But since the publication of the Webbs' classics, *A History of Trade Unionism* and *Industrial Democracy*, at the end of last century, we have had no comprehensive account of the British Trade Union movement, and this "Survey" by Mr. Cole and his collaborators is a welcome enterprise. The book covers a wide field; it is indeed a small encyclopaedia. The risk of such a work is that it may become a scrap-book; but in this case the editor's skill in co-ordination, together with the fact that he has written so much of it himself, has achieved a great measure of unity. Some of the matter will of course be familiar enough to all students of the subject; but much is new. Certain topics may seem to be too summarily treated, but that could hardly be avoided, unless the book were to run to double its length of something under six hundred pages. Most of the 30 collaborators are Trade Union officers who contribute short accounts of their own societies, and this section, which comprises nearly half the book, is of exceptional interest and value. Others are experts on particular subjects, such as Trade Boards, the Law, Women, or Trade Unionism in Scotland and in Wales. Space forbids discussion of all these many contributions, and it must not be taken as a reflection on the merits of any of the others if one commends especially Mrs. Barbara Drake's chapter on "Women in Trade Unions" and Mr. John Parker's on the peculiar problems of organisation in new industries and areas.

It was inevitable that some of the opinions or interpretations of facts expressed by this multitude of writers (and not least by the editor) should be controversial. Mr. Cole himself in his final chapter is very critical of the policy pursued by the official leadership to-day. He sees inaction where there should be militancy, too much preoccupation with "Communist agitators," and other faults. And he considers that "at this moment British Trade Unionism is in serious danger of missing its chance. . . . A boom has been in full swing, but very little attempt has been made to take advantage of it." On the other hand, he has been careful, in his introduction, to stress something that the less experienced or more slap-dash critics of "Transport House" often forget. The great body of organised workers are not ardent Socialists eager for revolutionary courses and held in check by reactionary officials. It is quite unrealistic, as Mr. Cole says, to regard Trade Unionism in this country simply as an instrument of the class-struggle. "Trade Unions arise as natural responses of the workers to the conditions of their employment, as bodies for the collective defence of the immediate interests of particular groups and for the improvement of the conditions of their life." Hence come many of the difficulties and discords in the "Craft *versus* Industry" issue, and the persistence (on which Mr. Beales comments in his discussion of "Trade Union Finance") of friendly benefits. Hence again the reluctance of leaders to support aggressive action or calls for "solidarity" by one militant section or another. And so, though he does not conceal his own views about "what might be as well as what is," Mr. Cole's prime aim is an objective study of what is. He believes—and he is surely right—that "the propagandists of Socialism will do much better work if they approach Trade Unionism with a clear knowledge of its realities and limitations. . . . If Socialists are to come to terms with Trade Unionism, they must comprehend it, and while striving to enlarge its vision still take it as it is."

Whatever may be the reader's view on these contentious points, he will find the Survey a mine of information about the Trade Unions, their varied structure and methods, their industrial and political policies, their legal position, their relations to the State, their strength and weakness as a whole and in different occupations and districts. No one, of course, will make the mistake of estimating strength or weakness solely by numbers, especially by grand totals—and suppose, for example, that because the aggregate membership of all Unions was 8,300,000 in the peak year of 1920 and had dropped to 4,300,000 in 1933, the potency of Trade Unionism had then been reduced by 50 per cent. But this is not to say that numbers are unimportant, and Mr. Cole's analyses show how large a field is open for recruitment, not only in trades or sections where organisation has always been weak (e.g., clerks, agricultural labourers, hotel and restaurant employees, domestic servants, and nearly all women workers), but in some industries which are generally thought of as well organised or which, like coal mining, have come down heavily in recent years. It is deplorable that out of about 12 million employed males over 16 there were at the beginning of 1937 no more than 4½ millions organised. As for women, out of 5 million employed there were only 800,000 organised, of whom nearly a half were non-manual workers. The position has been improving of late, it is true, and in some quarters substantially. But there is need, Mr. Cole argues, for a far more strenuous campaign of recruitment. He advocates "a massed Trade Union attack" at chosen points, including the motor trade, the miscellaneous metal trades and other rapidly expanding mass-production industries. In such an attack it might be found necessary to adapt existing Union structure and organising policy, and there, he suggests, recent developments in France and the United States can teach us some useful lessons. That is possible, no doubt; but his chapter on the French and American movements leaves one hopeful rather than fully convinced.

C. M. LLOYD

Ruskin the Painter. By J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE. *Oxford Press.* 16*s.*

"Surely no pencil was ever more inspired," exclaims Mr. Whitehouse apropos of a drawing by Ruskin after Fra Angelico's *Annunciation.* One recalls the works of the great draughtsmen from Villars de Honnecourt to Picasso—Fouquet, Leonardo, Rembrandt, Watteau, Ingres, Degas—and gasps. Ruskin drew pleasantly and not incompetently in a style that was an amalgam of Prout, Copley Fielding, Turner and other of his adorations amongst artists. But his draughtsmanship was the draughtsmanship of the aesthete, not of the artist. As Mr. Whitehouse recognises, he "always drew with a purpose." His brush "was frequently his pulpit," so he "was always making records of little things of beauty," which records "have enabled many to appreciate the beauty of common things around them." If only Mr. Whitehouse had appreciated the implications of his own statements regarding Ruskin's purpose, which was, he says, "to show the value of drawing as a great cultural instrument in general education," his comments would be less uncritical and his book of much greater value. As it is, it is an admirable piece of scholarship and it is admirably produced. But the confusion of values which marks the text forces one to make reserves. There are nearly seventy illustrations and a *catalogue raisonné* —*pas trop raisonné* as has already been suggested—of upwards of three hundred of Ruskin's works at Bembridge School, of which Mr. Whitehouse is Warden.

Week-end Competitions

No. 469

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best Alphabet of Bad Manners.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 3rd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 467

Set by Oliver Bell

We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for the best account of the seven plagues of England. Competitors are asked not to be too political, to remember the laws of libel and to confine their remarks to 200 words.

Report by Oliver Bell

First the trite, of whom the less said the better; flag-days, Sundays, exaggeration, pride, fog, August holidays, and betting appeared.

Mentioned again and again were bungalows, cars and wireless. "And the Lord set up a Chamberlain to rule the land" (E. Davis). Less unpopular were Wurlitzers (O poor Dryden) and crooning. Women were often prettily personal. "*My own child*, without whose help I should have done a great deal better in this competition, and probably have won the prize." (Thank you, *mother of one*, for such an invitation, to which I nearly succumbed.)

It was a great pleasure, reading all your entries, and I would mention "Wotan gave them an equitable climate, and they boasted that it was the best in the world" (Mita Bord). "Tin-can cookery, confederate of indolent housewives, mute inglorious Lucrezia Borgias of the land,

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, constant hot water, efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone: 252. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

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FURNISHED s.c. flat, double and single bedrooms, sitting room, kitchen, bathroom, ping-pong room. Fully equipped with gas and electric appliances. 3½ *guineas*, including excellent cleaning. Newman, 28, Colville Terrace, W.11. Bay. 0650.

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WESTMINSTER. Two-roomed s/c flat. All electric, c.h.w. Completely, modernly furnished. Rent £105 inclusive. Furniture £50. Or furniture only. Box 4161.

LARGE sunny third-floor flat, unfurnished, pleasant views. 5 rooms, kitchen, bathroom. Particularly light and spacious. £135 per annum. 15, Alexandra Mansions, King's Road, S.W.3.

THE Spanish Medical Aid Committee require new offices, owing to demolition. Would any sympathiser offer accommodation at reasonable rent? Minimum requirements 3 rooms and storage. Centrally situated. 24 New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

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HYDE PARK, 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5*s*. 6*d*. nightly with breakfast, from 23*s*. 6*d*. weekly.

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FURNISHED rooms in lady's quiet, pleasant house. Usual amenities. 18*s*. 6*d*.–32*s*. 6*d*. 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 299

but lacking her swift despatch" (P. Boylan Eyre). "Last the Lord sent Superior Persons, New Statesmen, criticising and saying, 'Turn and be guided by us and be rid of your plagues'" (Phiz).

The people were much blamed, but no one ever gained freedom by cursing God. No, what I was looking for was guidance. The Jews, slaves in Egypt, were freed by plagues, which attacked the social life of the land. We are slaves, and we also shall be freed: but where are the true prophets? Or has democracy, as we know it, raised us above the need for prophets? I think not. I had in mind some such list as "Financiers, Unemployment, Bad Farming, Blimpery; Young men without confidence, War and Revolution." After which process we might at least be in the desert. But I wanted my ideas to be clarified, and given point, or I wanted something better.

It is tempting to divide prizes, but as I am not Alice, and cannot, as I would, give a prize to every competitor, the first goes to A. W. Bowyer, who kept the letter and not the spirit of the conditions. He wins by a trick.

THE SEVEN PLAGUES OF ENGLAND

These be the seven: FIRST the Government
Where no peace can be, on appeasement bent.
Second, alas! the Government again,
Franco's accomplice in the wreck of Spain.
Third, to our shame, the Government once more:
Observe the ruined farms, and milkless poor!
Fourth is the Government, for each wanton tax;
In trifles, lavish; in essentials, lax.
Fifth—Government, that with each Protean twist
Betrays each month some new occasion missed.
Government sixth, more barbarous than the Turk;
They grudge two millions food, yet find no work.
And seventh and last, the Government again:
Heil Führer! Duce, heil! Heil Chamberlain!

And for neurotic brevity Zilch (no address) gets the second: "The seven plagues of England are three evening papers and four morning ones."

Why did no one send in the seven deadly sins?

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 321.—THE RUGGER TOUR

"The odds," old Slogger was saying, as I entered the Pavilion, "are roughly 3 to 2."

"Against?" said someone.

"Of course."

"I make them a shade longer," said Ugly, who was scribbling on a piece of paper.

"What odds are you talking about?" I asked, interested.

"Why," said Ugly, "the odds against Stinker here winning the toss in more than half of his matches. He's been swanking that he's got a lucky florin."

"Old Hammond," said someone, "won the toss eight times running."

"But that," objected someone else, "was cricket."

"Yes," said Slogger. "*And* it was jolly old Hammond. Not our optimistic young friend, Stinker."

How many matches is Stinker proposing to play?

PROBLEM 319.—THE ODDFELLOWS' BALL

My answer to this problem is that Joan's favourite partner is Ronald. Several solvers claim, however, that there is no unique solution. I propose, therefore, to re-examine my argument in the light of their various criticisms before giving a decision.

PROBLEM 318.—WE WERE RACKING OUR BRAINS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to M. E. Humphery, Seaview, Oulton Broad, Norfolk.

Eight points are awarded.

N.B.—Digital total. In response to some enquiries, I can best explain by an example. Consider any number, say 7930256. Sum of digits = 32. This being over 9, take total of digits again. $3+2=5$, which is the D.T.

CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

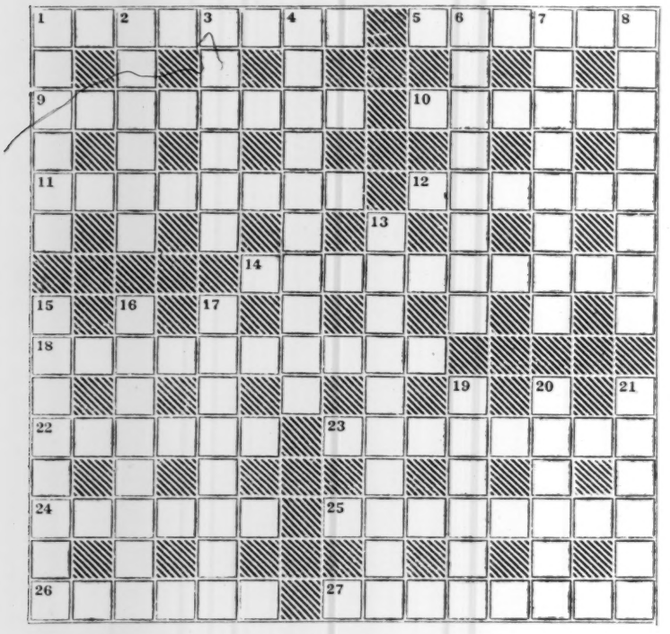
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 468

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winners are

D. and E. Halliday, 52 Colet Gardens, W.14

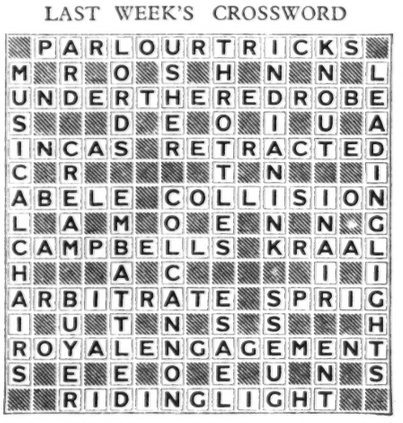
ACROSS

1. The sort of fight two candidates have. (8)
5. It's a bit confused, but he's joined the R.A.F. (6)
9. One of those commemorated on Dec. 28. (8)
10. Result of reforming a lascar. (6)
11. Do the little birds swear by him as we do by Scot? (8)
12. Helps one who halts to go on again. (6)
14. You would not expect such little cakes to rise. (10)
18. The price of learning—to parents. (10)
22. These vessels seem to be for internal application. (6)
23. Chairman of the L.M.S. not at home. (8)
24. Space outside the marquee. (6)
25. Such things are worth while of course. (8)
26. By no means dense. (6)
27. They stand up to the bowling. (8)

DOWN

1. Ha! they are resorted to. (6)
2. He is quick to put his foot down. (6)
3. This sounds as if you could view it. (6)
4. A manageable little boat? (10)
6. Contest for those who live in blocks. (8)
7. The recipe for this is $3 + gx$. (8)
8. Bisected piping for the feet. (8)
13. The Express way? (10)
15. These books sound as if they were for "seasoned" singers. (8)
16. A drink of the Potteries? (8)
17. Rock splitting deluges? (8)
19. Value of a horse. (6)
20. Architectural wall bracket as it were. (6)
21. Mechanical emphasis. (6)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A Course of Two Lectures on "RECENT ACCOUNTING DEVELOPMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES" will be given by PROFESSOR T. H. SANDERS (Professor of Accounting in the Graduate School of Business Administration, Harvard University) at the LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2) on FEBRUARY 27th and 28th, at 5 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Mr. C. J. G. Palmour, F.C.A. (President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants) and at the Second Lecture by Mr. Walter Holman, F.S.A.A. (President of the Society of Incorporated Accountants).

A Course of Two Lectures on "THE NOH DRAMA" will be given by PROF. TOYOICHIRO NOGAMI (of Hosei University, Tokyo) at the SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES (Vandon House, Vandon Street, S.W.1) on MARCH 7th and 10th, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Dr. E. D. Edwards, M.A. (Reader in Chinese in the University). Illustrations.

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The Lectures will be held at 20 Portman Square, W.1, at 5.30 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d. Tickets will be issued strictly in order of application, which should be made to: The Registrar, Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, W.1.

COMMUNIST PARTY Meeting, Hampstead Town Hall, 8 p.m., 2nd Mar., 1939. Films, Jack Bates (Speaker), Martin Lawrence (Bass), Paddy Ryan.

THE PETITION RALLY, March 12th, SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS. See Advertisement page 291.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, February 26th, at 11 a.m., PROF. J. C. FLÜGEL: "MENTAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE SEXES." 6.30 p.m., MR. BLACKHAM: "THE SPECTATOR."

F.P.S.I. E. F. M. DURBIN on "DEMOCRACY AND THE LIBERAL METHOD," Wednesday, March 1st, at 8 p.m., at the large Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Tickets: Members, 6d.; non-Members, 1s. From HON. SECRETARY, F.P.S.I., 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

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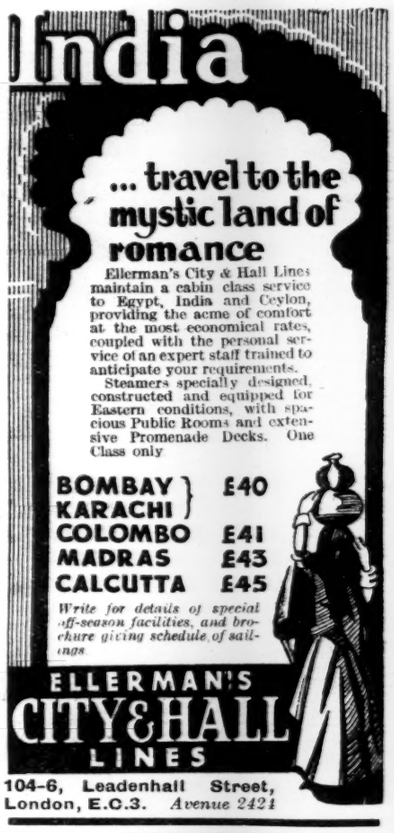
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

THE CHANCELLOR'S LOAN PROGRAMME—BREWERY SHARES OUTLOOK—MEXICAN EAGLES

THE City's reaction to the £350 million 1939–40 loan programme was indecisive in the sense that the public obstinately persisted in staying "on the side-lines." Why? Since the investing public presumably shares the City's relief that no appreciable increase in direct taxation need now be expected, I can only imagine that investors are too stunned by all these astronomic millions to feel able yet to take a view. After all, the implications of a budget of nearly £1,300 millions, with a deficit of over a quarter of that total, take some digesting. First of all, should gilt-edged be sold in anticipation of higher interest rates? On a long view we are clearly headed for a sizeable dose of inflation, which is hardly a bull point for Government bonds. So far as the next twelve months, however, are concerned, I am by no means inclined to forecast lower gilt-edged prices. If the Government were to attempt to raise anything like £350 millions from the new issue market in dated loans there is little doubt that it would have to face a rise in interest rates; but there is no reason to suppose that this technique will be adopted. The tender issue of Treasury bills has fallen to £350 millions, as compared with £530 millions a year ago. In consequence, the joint-stock banks' liquid assets have been sharply depleted. Provided that the authorities increase bank cash by a moderate amount—say, £15 millions—the banks could readily absorb something like £125 millions more bills, and simultaneously expand their "dated" portfolios by £50 millions, without bringing their cash ratio much below 11 per cent.—a figure ample for every contingency. If this policy is adopted, considerably less than £200 millions need be raised in the new issue market from the public; and the loan programme will presumably include in any case a due proportion of dated "shorts" likely to appeal to institutional investors. In brief, given a moderate creation of credit, I see no reason why the gilt-edged market should not weather 1939 without serious depreciation. Beyond 1939 I am making no guesses.

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Prices in the industrial share markets again improved at the beginning of the week, but once again business dried up on the rise. Technical conditions are ripe for a further improvement, for dealers have no floating supply of stock, but there does not appear to be sufficient confidence to carry a buying movement far. The most substantial rises this week were seen in brewery and tobacco shares, which had previously been depressed by fears of increased taxation. The most unexpected was the rise in Courtaulds (on bear covering) to 28*s*. I do not know what satisfaction can be obtained from the contemplation of Courtaulds 1938 earnings. It may be helpful, of course, if the discussions with British Celanese lead to quotas in the various sections of the industry in order to maintain the higher price level which has recently been established, but the new Dupont process is not a "bull" point for the Company's American subsidiary. I would rather sell Courtaulds on a yield basis of £2 17*s*. 0*d*. per cent. and reinvest in an industry which is not so vulnerable to new processes and inventions. Incidentally, if the new rayon price agreement can be regarded as a victory rather for British Celanese than for Courtaulds, British Celanese 5½ per cent. mortgage debenture stock at 93 to yield £5 17*s*. 0*d*. per cent. flat and £6 1*s*. 0*d*. per cent. to redemption may be regarded as a better security. In the mining markets, copper shares were marked down on the cut in the quota to 95 per cent. from March 1st, which was not altogether expected. On this quota the Rhodesian producers seem fully valued. An exchange might be considered in part into Consolidated African Selection Trust 5*s*. ordinary stock at 12*s*. 3*d*. to yield £8 7*s*. 0*d*. per cent. on dividends of 15 per cent. tax free. This company is a low-cost producer of industrial diamonds, the consumption of which depends very largely on American industrial activity and to some extent on rearmament.

* * *

Notwithstanding the reduction in Taylor Walker's dividend from 10 to 9 per cent., brewery shares have reacted strongly to hopes that increased taxation risks may now be disregarded. As the following sample list illustrates, rises since the borrowing programme was announced have been substantial.

	High 1938.	Close Feb. 16th.	Present Price.	Div. %	Gross Yield %
Ind Coope	94 7½	80 -	85 -	22½†	£5 5 9
Bass	132 6	118 6	124 -	25	£4 0 9
Courage	83 3	68 6	73 -	20	£5 9 6
Mitchells and Butlers ..	93 -	72 3	76 -	21	£5 10 6
Newcastle	62 -	59 6	62 6	17½	£5 12 0
Watney Combe Reid defd.	78 3	62 6	66 9	18	£5 7 9

† Estimated, on new capital.

In view of the general inflationary outlook, current yields are not unattractive. Last year's production of beer, at 18.3 million barrels, was 2.3 per cent. up on the total for 1937, notwithstanding the increase in unemployment. Consumption prospects for 1939 should be good, particularly in armament areas. Furthermore, the Government's decision not to carry the Weston case to the Lords means that the industry is relieved of apprehensions lest extensive alterations in licensed premises might be held to require a new licence and therefore a payment for monopoly value. Improvement of public houses has played a considerable part in the five million barrel recovery in annual consumption recorded since 1932; and the removal of a serious potential obstacle to further progress on those lines is a bull point for breweries.

* * *

Mexican Eagle have gradually picked up in the past month from 4*s*. to 7*s*. 3*d*. and are tipped as the best speculation in the Stock Exchange. The rumour is that before long the Mexican Government will make some settlement with the oil companies—perhaps even return their properties on a long leasehold basis. Things have not gone well with Mexico since the expropriation. In 1937 Mexico exported 3,300,000 tons of oil. In 1938 she exported only 1,378,000 tons. The contracts to sell oil to Germany and Italy on a barter basis were not altogether happy. The Germans dumped typewriters and motor tyres which the Mexicans did not want, and the attempt of the Mexicans to dump these unwanted goods in turn on the South American market caused powerful American exporters to demand action from Washington. Omens point to some settlement being arranged satisfactory both to Mexico and the foreign oil companies. A situation which benefits nobody but Germany is hardly one to be tolerated. I do not, however, advise a speculator to buy a three-month option on Mexican Eagle. Political settlements take their time, though Mexican Eagle shares as a lock-up look an attractive speculation.

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